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# America during and after the war. By Robert Ferguson..

AMERICA DURING AND AFTER THE WAR.

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BY ROBERT FERGUSON, AUTHOR OF “THE PIPE OF REPOSE” “SWISS MEN AND SWISS MOUNTAINS,” &C.

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TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, THIS LITTLE WORK IS BY PERMISSION MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

**PREFACE.**

The Author, taking a deep interest in the events passing in America, visited the United States in the Autumn of 1864, during the continuance of the war, and again in 1865, after its conclusion. Some portions of this work have been already given in the form of lectures, and the whole is now published, in the hope that it may contribute something towards a juster knowledge of the United States, and consequently towards the establishment of more friendly relations between the two Countries.

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**PART I. AMERICA DURING THE WAR.**

**CHAPTER I. NEW YORK.**

Dr. Johnson used to say that he liked to go to an inn because the people always seemed so glad to see him. He would not for this reason have liked to go to an American hotel, because the people never do seem glad to see you. Not but that they may in reality be so, but the impression invariably created on your mind is that a favour is conferred upon you by your being taken in. No cozy landlord comes forth to greet you with smiling and rubbing of hands—no obsequious waiter marshals you the way that you should go; unnoticed and uncared-for you enter into a vast hall filled with crowds of people moving to and fro —you make your way to the place where, enthroned as in a sort of tribunal, presides the "gentlemanly clerk"—enter your name, take as it were an oath of allegiance, and humbly sue for admission into his domain. If you are patient and submissive, you will probably find him civil—possibly even gracious. But if your name should happen to be a titled one, and you should be weak enough to enter it so in the hope of obtaining the accustomed reverence, it is not at all impossible that you may find yourself sent up to the very top of the house, just to let you 2 see that there *are* greater people in the world than you are. Your destiny may perhaps remain for some time in suspense, for in these gigantic establishments there may be no place in the morning, and yet there may be fifty places before night, and so, having entered your name, you must wait and take your turn. And thus it was with myself and other passengers by the *Persia* , landed, after a merciless extortion on the part of the coach proprietor, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel at New York. Hovering like unquiet spirits about the lobbies—stealing at intervals to see if the coveted number had been appended to our names, we passed many a weary hour before we were at last permitted to rest and be thankful.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel may be taken as a fair specimen of these colossal establishments, of which it is one of the largest and the best conducted. It consists of two departments—one open to all the world, and the other confined to the guests of the house. The former occupies the ground floor, and comprises the lobbies, smoking room, bar, and, practically, the room for reading and writing. Thither flock crowds of people of all classes, to smoke, to "liquor," to talk to see what is going on, to buy and sell, and, above all, to gamble in gold

after the hours when the Exchange in Wall Street is closed. And I am also inclined to the opinion, from the number of persons one sees sitting for hours in a state of abstraction, that there 3 are some people who come to the hotel simply to *think.* It follows, as a matter of course from this miscellaneous concourse, that the place is full of prowling thieves, and woe to the umbrella or the overcoat that escapes, though it be but for a moment, from the vigilant eye of its owner. This involves the necessity of an office at which umbrellas and coats, when not in actual use, may be deposited, and for which checks will be given. The private department is generally on the first floor, and consists, in addition to the rooms specially set apart for ladies, of a drawing-room, open to all the guests. But then this room is altogether too grand to do anything in—no, not even such an innocent thing as writing. The notice which I saw posted up in the drawing-room at St. Louis, “Smoking, writing, and lying with the feet on the sofas in this room will be considered as breaches of good manners,” may be taken to apply to all such rooms. So that I, seeking only for comfort, fall between the two stools of the unquiet room below and the oppressively grand room above. What have I to do with gorgeous carpets, and velvet couches, and magnificent chandeliers —all I want is a quiet place where I can sit and write in peace, take mine ease in mine inn, and put down my umbrella by my side for half a minute without having it stolen.

Another feature in which the American hotels differ from others, and so far as the great hotels in the large towns are concerned I think for the better 4 is their system of feeding. In London, you must order your dinner, fix your hour, and whatever your engagements, must come back to eat it. And what is it after all when it comes? We all know the ox-tail soup, the inevitable sole, the chop, the steak, the cutlet. Here, in New York, you may walk into the dining-room at any hour between two and half-past seven, take your place at the table, and call for anything you like out of a bill of fare of from fifty to seventy dishes. In London, you would be charged as much for such a dinner alone as your whole day's board amounts to in America, for Englishmen it seems are willing to apply the principle of co-operation to everything except eating. But the mischief in America is that everything must be put on the same footing, and the system which the vast resources and the

skilful management of these grand establishments enables them successfully to carry out, in many of the smaller places results in nothing but an ambitious array of ill-cooked dishes, and of things cold which should be hot. And moreover, while at these great hotels, breakfast, and lunch, and dinner, and tea, and supper, follow each other in one continual round, so that one only ends when another begins; at these smaller places if you happen to arrive too late for one meal it is only with great difficulty, and as a matter of favour, that you can get anything to eat till the next one is ready, which may not be for some hours. And how curious it seems, to one fresh from Europe, to 5 hear a party of newly-arrived travellers at an inn humbly craving: say for some breakfast—the landlord raising objections, making difficulties, perhaps remaining inexorable, perhaps at last graciously consenting.

Englishmen appear sometimes to be shocked at the apparent want of respect shewn by the Americans to the great institution of dining, and the hurried manner in which they perform those services over which Englishmen so devoutly linger. Something however must be allowed for the fact that this meal is not of the paramount importance with them that is with us—their feeding being more impartially distributed over the three meals of the day. Then, moreover, there is no sitting after dinner, as with us; when you have finished eating you are expected to give place to some one else, and if you attempt to linger over your wine you will perhaps find a waiter standing behind you to pour it out, which, as it is quite impossible to enjoy it under such circumstances, has generally the desired effect of driving you away.

One feature of American cookery is the great variety of vegetables, of which the bills of fare at the great hotels generally contain from fifteen to twenty different dishes. Another is the extensive use of ice, of which the consumption in Boston alone amounts to 60,000 tons per annum, any household being, at an extremely moderate rate, supplied daily by contract with a certain given 6 quantity during the summer months or during the whole year. One thing that struck me at these great hotels is that there is no check to prevent a person from dining and going away without paying. No questions are asked in the

dining-room; a person not staying in the house is expected to pay at the office, but there is nothing to ensure his doing so, and amidst the multitude of persons going to and fro it is impossible to take note of an individual. At certain hotels, as for instance Willard's at Washington, you are required to take a check at the office, which is given up at the door of the dining-room; but at some of the very first houses, as the Fifth Avenue Hotel at New York, and the Continental, at Philadelphia, they seem to depend upon the honesty of the public. And the public have to depend somewhat upon their honesty too, for it is not the custom to make out bills; you go to the cashier and he tells you the total amount you have to pay; if you are good at figures you may check it, but it is not every one that is sufficiently up in mental arithmetic.

In the towns of the East you leave your boots out to be blackened at night as in Europe, but in the West you seem to be considered a shabby fellow if you thus attempt to get them cleaned for nothing, and the boots pays you off by chalking your number on the soles and leaving them in other respects as they were; at least this is the conclusion I came to after careful observation on one or two occasions. 7 At the Burnett House, at Cincinnati, fair notice is given that boots and shoes cannot be cleaned at night, and if you want them done you must betake yourself to the place appointed for the purpose, where, throwing yourself back in your chair with you feet elevated in the air, you go through the operation. But how the ladies do is a question which I never ventured to ask.

Mr. Dicey, in his “Six Months in the Federal States,” has remarked upon the mistaken impression which prevails in England that the Americans are a communicative and an inquisitive race. My own experience leads me to agree with him in taking them to be on the contrary, at least as regards strangers, one of the most reserved and taciturn of peoples. I only remember one occasion on which an American opened a conversation with me at an hotel without introduction, and he evidently seemed to consider that he had a mission to perform It was on the strength of our both having a cough of the same quality, and was the prelude to an exposition of his views upon the physiology of marriage. His father, he told me, was a Welshman—his mother was an Irishwoman—he himself had gone for a wife to

the remotest part of the States, and if he had it to do over again, he would go to another country altogether—no great compliment by the way to his present partner. I did not care to tell him that the Welsh and the Irish are nearer akin to each other than either of them axe to the English, 8 or hint to him that without going to a foreign country there was a race at hand which presents the strongest points of difference to the American, and indeed, according to the views of some amiable enthusiasts, is calculated to temper his defects, and supply his deficiencies. “Look at the English,” my friend then went on to say, “they are all turning bald, and what is the reason of that?—nothing but their system of inter-marriage.” It is no doubt the case that loss of hair at an early period of life is becoming very common in England, as is the loss of teeth in America, but to ascribe either to such a cause would be about as reasonable as it was to blame the electric telegraph for the disease in the potatoes.

The above remarks must be taken however, as applying only to the more civilized parts of the country; in the less settled districts nothing is more common than for a traveller to be questioned, and that without any circumlocution whatever, as to his abode and his pursuits. But this I do not consider to arise by any means from a spirit of idle curiosity, as many travellers have supposed to be the case. I take it on the contrary to proceed from a business-like spirit of investigation, and to be an essential feature of life in a new country. Americans in general do not consider themselves definitely fixed to a locality—it is in most cases quite open to them to remove to any other place, or to any other State, which may seem to offer 9 superior advantages. Hence even the casual information which they get from a passing stranger may turn out to be of use to them at some future day. And I have sometimes been very much struck on overhearing such conversations—as for instance, between two men occupying the same bed—with the thoroughly practical nature of the enquiries—“How far are you going on this road?” says the new comer as a prelude. Then to business—“What State are you from?” “Farming or trading?” “How are you getting along?” “Pretty well fixed up?” These questions are answered,—then the other man has his turn, and each has roughly jotted down in his own mind certain particulars which it is

quite possible may be of importance to him in his future life. And I have not unfrequently found it to be the case that when in reply to the question as to what State I was from, I said that I was an Englishman travelling to see the country, the answer which one would naturally suppose would have been a whet to curiosity, rather served, as soon as it was discovered that I was not surveying the country with a view to settling in it—for then I should have been an invaluable person to pump—as a damper to further conversation.

The rent of the Fifth Avenue Hotel is 80,000 dollars, or about £12,000 a year; as large a sum, I should suppose, as is paid for any single building in the world; and this, moreover, is exclusive of the handsome shops which form a considerable part of B 10 the basement floor. Next come the St. Nicholas, and the Metropolitan, equally large establishments, though in a less fashionable locality, each about £10,500 a year, and both the property of A. T. Stewart, the great dry goods man. Then come the New York Hotel, and the Astor House, each with a rent of about £7,500, the Everett House with about £6,000, and various smaller establishments bringing in from £4,000 to £5,000.

It may well be supposed that the management of one of these huge establishments requires such an amount of business qualification as to have caused the saying—“He is a clever man, but he can't keep an hotel,” to have passed into something like a proverb among the Americans. I must own, however, that as far as my own experience is concerned, I have found but scanty satisfaction in anything in the slightest degree out of the ordinary routine for which I have had to trust to the manager of one of these establishments. And upon the whole, after a pretty extensive experience, I must say that I thoroughly dislike the American hotel system, and that all the more for knowing that there really were once places in the land like “The Wayside Inn.” Yet this I am bound to say, that having in all cases to register my name as an Englishman, I have never in any single instance the slightest reason to suppose—though travelling at a time when unfortunately the political relations between the two countries were very much embittered—that I was treated with less civility on that account.

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Next to the manager of one of these great hotels, the driver of one of the Broadway omnibusses always seemed to me to be a man who, above others, requires to have his wits about him. For he has not, as in all other places, the assistance of a conductor—he himself unaided performs all the duties. Through a hole in the roof he receives the fares, and surveys the passengers; by means of a strap attached to his arm he opens and shuts the door, and what with guiding his vehicle through the crowded streets, receiving fares, and giving change, and at the same time keeping an eye upon the passengers as they get in and out, if ever a man had his hands full, he seems to me to be that man.

The sights of New York have been often described, and I will not go over the ground again. The latest improvement, and one of which the New Yorkers are not a little proud, is what is called the Central Park, but which is certainly not central, and can hardly be called a park. But it is a place laid out with no little skill and taste—the undulating nature of the ground, and the cropping up of the natural rock to the surface, leaving very little coaxing necessary to make nature picturesque. And when, in half a century hence, the trees just planted shall have grown up, it will be a most beautiful, and probably by that time a central park.

And perhaps a word might be spared for Barnum's museum, surely the queerest collection of rubbish, relics, and curiosities that the industry of man has 12 ever scraped together. And yet it is precisely the sort of place to have an attraction for people in general, and as a consequence it is always filled with visitors. No severe scientific arrangement is there to keep the mind upon the strain—all is a scene of delightful confusion. Here the seal wallops about in his tank, and raises up his head to gaze with his great wondering eyes upon the spectators. There—an especial object of attraction to her sex—a girl born without arms, sits deftly, knitting with her toes, apparently in no small degree proud of her constant circle of admirers. Here, with frizzled hair, and an unmistakeably Yankee face, “the most beautiful Circassian girl in the world” displays her attractions; there, the log cabin which

Lincoln in his early days hewed out with his strong arms in the wilderness, claims the patriotic reverence of Americans. By its side sits a man turning finger-rings out of one of the beams, and these are eagerly purchased as fast as made, and worn by thousands as amulets—may it not be sometimes for good? Between the period of my first and second visit, Barnum's museum had been destroyed by fire; the news—“Your museum has been burned,” had been telegraphed to the proprietor, and his laconic answer, “Buy another,” had been promptly received by the manager. And another sure enough there was, but rather shorn of its old glories, so that Barnum had to engage a lecturer to magnify its wonders. And a treacherous trick the lecturer paid him during the time I was 13 in New York, for notice having been given him that his services would be no longer required,—he revenged himself by denouncing in his parting address the shams which he had been retained to glorify—the dwarf whom he had been representing as a child, was in reality a man, and the most beautiful Circassian girl in the world spoke excellent Yankee in private.

Neither in the streets of New York, nor of any other of the Northern towns could I see much indication of the tremendous struggle going on outside. But of the struggle for the election of President, which was then in its intensity, I met with signs at every turn. Large banners suspended across the street marked the central gathering places of the respective parties, while numberless smaller places of rendezvous all over the city indicated the thorough nature of the organization with which the contest was conducted. One could scarcely make a journey along the railway without having a partisan of each of the two candidates going together through the train to take the votes of the passengers for Lincoln, or Mc.Lellan. And very few cases indeed were there in which the answer which seems to us so natural “no business of yours,” was returned. Then the result was duly sent up to a Republican or a Democrat paper according as it might be favourable to the one or to the other. Even on the street cars in New York the same thing was common, and I think the smallest triumph of the kind I ever saw recorded was in 14 a communication to the “World,” stating that the vote had been taken on a city car, and that out of twenty-four

persons there were eighteen for Mc.Lellan, and only six for Lincoln. And the Democrat paper actually thought it worth its while to chronicle this petty indication.

The amount of work, both physical and mental, gone through by some of the prominent partisans was something prodigious. I had occasion, when at New York, to call upon Mr. Horace Greely, the editor of the “Tribune,” and the veteran abolitionist, to whom I had a letter of introduction. Now one naturally looks upon an editor as at all times a difficult person to get at, but at this time Mr. Greely, in addition to his ordinary duties as editor-in-chief of the paper, was deeply immersed in the political struggle, and in fact was announced to speak in no less than three different places on that very evening. So that I almost felt ashamed to trouble him under such circumstances, but however, finding him in, I thought I might venture to send up my card, and enquire at what time it would be convenient for him to see me. The clerk smiled at my simplicity. “Go up,” he said, “he sees everybody that comes.” So I went up accordingly, asking my way from one room to another, till I reached the *sanctum* , and from the conversation, which I could not help overhearing as I waited my turn outside, between a man who wanted a dollar, and Mr. Greely, who thought he wanted to drink 15 it, I became convinced that it was literally true that he did see everybody that came. This character of accessibility is a feature, more or less strongly marked, of all the public men of the country. And the most difficult person to get access to in all America would seem from an account I read in one of the New York papers, to be Mr. A. T. Stewart, the great dry goods man, an audience with whom is fenced about with more formalities than with any of the men who guide the destinies of the land.

## CHAPTER II. NEW YORK TO BOSTON.

The Americans have, in my opinion, rightly apprehended the general principle of railway travelling. The English mind never disentangled itself from the idea of the old mail coach; and an English railway carriage is three mail coaches joined together. The Americans, at an early period, perceived that the proper object of comparison for a land steamer was a

water steamer, and they made their railway cars accordingly, in imitation of the saloon of a steam boat. Hence, in their carriages, which are made to contain about fifty persons, it would be impossible that scenes of horror or alarm, such as those to which the isolation of English railway carriages gives constant rise, could be enacted. I have heard it stated that the English feeling for privacy and seclusion prevents the adoption of any principle corresponding with the American. But unless a man can travel *en grand seigneur* , privacy is impossible; indeed there is in reality less privacy in the company of five persons than of fifty. But if there be really any feeling existing so much at variance with the age in which we live, I think the sooner we get rid of it the better.

17

But while conceding to the Americans the right general principle I must admit that in most matters of detail the comfort and convenience of travellers are much more efficiently cared for in England than in America. The rate of speed in America is something like forty per cent. less than it is in England, and that to all Americans who have travelled in England is a source of complaint. Then the accommodation at the stations where passengers have to change lines, and often wait for hours, is as bad as it possibly can be. I have been turned out at midnight on a great line into a place where I had to spend some hours, which I passed in oscillating to and fro—first driven out by the stuffiness of the wretched hole crammed with passengers, and then driven back again by the coldness of the night air outside. Generally, the want of correspondence between the different lines, and the absence of any system like that of our Clearing House, tends to make changes more frequent, and the whole arrangements less complete. The English Clearing House system has, however, been prominently brought before the notice of the Boards of Trade in some of the principal American towns, and it is probable that attempts will be made to introduce it in America.

The American car has its entrance at the two ends, and a passage down the middle,—the seats, each of which holds two persons, being arranged transversely along each side. To each C 18 seat there is a window; and as the sitting which commands the prospect and

the fresh air is of course the preferable one, not only on that account but also on account of the freedom from the annoyance caused by passengers continually forcing their way through the middle, it is always first occupied. And notwithstanding the great hurry in which all Americans are supposed to live, you may go into a car half an hour before the time and you will almost always find it half filled; all the sittings which command the windows being occupied. In the middle or at one end of the car, sometimes at both ends, there is a stove, so that passengers never suffer from cold as they do with us. On the other hand, if from necessity you have to take a seat in close proximity to the stove, you may experience the opposite extreme to a very uncomfortable degree.

There is another principle in which American travel differs very much from English. In England you are considered to be under the care and guardianship of the company; in America the rail seems to be considered more in the light of a public highway over which the company have a right of toll. You enter the station—you can see no porters from whom to make an inquiry, for to wear the livery of a company would be contrary to republican prejudices. There is no person whose business it 19 is to find you a seat—no one to examine your ticket to see that you are all right before you start—no one whose duty it is to prevent you from breaking your neck by getting in when the train is in motion; you must find out your train and take your place as best you can. No bell rings when the time is up; sometimes the conductor, still keeping up the idea of a steamer, cries “All aboord,” and sometimes when the train is ready to start it silently moves off. There is generally a rush made by a few lingering passengers to get in, which, however, from the nature of the entrance, which is by steps coming near the ground, is not attended with the same danger as it is with us.

In England a carriage contains a given number of persons; in America it contains as many as can get into it,—seated if seats are to be had, standing if they are not. Hence, there are always a number of persons roaming up and down the train;—sometimes people trying to better their condition, sometimes persons curious to know whether there are any of their friends in the train,—sometimes a man slightly elevated, in quest of adventure.

It was to prevent this annoyance to through passengers that the system of locking the carriages was adopted on the Pennsylvania Central railroad, which resulted in such a frightful accident, the car being set on fire by the overturning of a stove, and some of the passengers being burnt to death.

20

In England if you have a complaint to make of any of your fellow-passengers, it is to the guard you look for redress; in America the passengers seem to be a law to themselves. I remember a case where a person took possession of another man's seat during his temporary absence; when the owner returned, there was an altercation and a scuffle, in the midst of which the conductor came round and quietly collected the tickets as if he cared for none of these things. Not, however, that such incidents as the above are by any means common; for the Americans are essentially a well-behaved people. I travelled from Washington to Philadelphia, under circumstances of the greatest possible discomfort. It was just before the Presidential Election, and the numbers of soldiers coming home to vote caused a pressure upon the resources of the line which strained them to the utmost. Hundreds were turned away from every train, and it was only by dint of watching and long waiting that I got a place. The car was crammed to suffocation, men lying one over another in the passage, or standing up against the sides wherever a corner could be found, that would hold a man. Yet there was nothing in that carriage but good humour and a disposition to accommodate one another; there was not even that amount of grumbling which I should have thought natural and even justifiable, for I cannot but think that the company might have made more 21 strenuous efforts than they did to meet a pressure which they should have anticipated. And, in particular, a gentleman near me having stood till he was completely exhausted, my next neighbour, a working man, took him on his knee and carried him for hours, till he himself could bear it no longer. Nor did the act appear to be prompted in any degree by that feeling of deference which a man may have towards one in a superior station; for when the two talked together, the working man addressed his companion, not to say as an equal, but indeed—as under the circumstances he

had perhaps a right to do—in rather a patronising manner. And yet for the service thus rendered at the expense of his own comfort, the other scarcely so much as thanked him. The Americans have a habit—born perhaps out of the mutual helpfulness which a new country requires—of giving and receiving services in a hard, matter-of-course, business-like sort of manner. There is an apparent want of graciousness—of course I do not speak of the refined society, which is everywhere the same—in their dealings with one another. No doubt a great deal of the graciousness of Europe is unreal—thus when the master thanks the servant for doing the things that were commanded him, it is a sham,—we have scripture for that—and the Americans will have none of it. And yet I must own, for all that, I miss our pleasant old-world shams.

22

One of the greatest nuisances in an American car is the continual spitting which goes on all around. In this respect the Americans have not been maligned, though according to my observation they are not nearly so bad in the North as in the West and South. The amount of salivation which the habit of chewing entails is something prodigious. I once took the trouble to time a man in the Galt House at Louisville, and found his rate of performance, and that kept up till I was tired of watching him, to be 1.80, or close upon twice a minute. If there were any physical degeneracy among the Americans—an idea which I think the marches and battles of the past war must have effectually dispelled—that would be one of the causes to which one would most naturally assign it. But in point of fact, beyond causing them to drink a great quantity of water, a supply of which is always at hand in every carriage, it does not appear to produce any effect upon them. When the habit of chewing is once formed, the craving is irresistible, and a man will rather put up with almost any other privation than be deprived of his tobacco. When the wounded men were brought in, writhing in anguish, from the front, “tobacco” was one of the first words which their parched lips could form. And, said my informant, a member of the Sanitary Commission —apologetically, for he was himself a determined foe to tobacco in every shape,—“how

could I refuse the 23 poor fellows what seemed to be the only thing that could give them a moment's relief?”

The ladies' cars which are adopted on some of the leading lines are in reality nothing but places of refuge from spitting. I once travelled in a car which had been formerly a ladies' car but having got rather shabby was then appro-, priated to baser purposes. The old rules were still hanging up on the sides. There were some general flourishes about polite demeanour, and some make-weights about not putting the feet upon the cushions, and not throwing the refuse of fruit upon the floor; but the real gist of the matter was that there was to be no chewing or spitting. I heard a story of three gentlemen connected with the New York press, who, anxious to take shelter in a place where there was no spitting, obtained by a stratagem an entrance into the ladies' car. Sternly repulsed by the conductor on first presenting themselves, one of them by some means or other communicated through the window, and managed to obtain the temporary use of a band-box from a lady inside. Again, presenting himself at the entrance, he was instantly admitted, the conductor at the same time apologising for not having observed the band-box on the previous occasion. After a decent interval, he handed the band-box through the window to his friend, to whom it also acted as a passport, and he again to the third, till all three were safely 24 deposited. So that, whereas in English travelling a band-box is generally voted to be a nuisance, in America it is a passport and a talisman.

The adjustment of society in its old world grooves having been displaced under altered phases of life, new rules have been established in America, under which any given woman is presumed to be superior in refinement to any given man. The man may be Longfellow, and the woman may be Sairey Gamp, but the rule cannot be made to suit individual exceptions. So that any gentleman travelling without female protection must make up his mind to be thrust among the outer barbarians; it is open to him—if he wishes to be received among the select—to take his cook with him. Of course the Americans can retort upon us that any woman, however refined, delicate, and gentle, who cannot afford to pay

the price of exclusiveness, is held with us to be unfit company for any man, however rude and coarse, who can.

Upon the whole, then, if we compare the American railway car with the English first-class carriage, there is no comparison as to comfort between the two. But if we compare it with the English third-class, to which it most nearly corresponds in price, it must be admitted to have the advantage. The fact is, that while in England it is the upper ten thousand that are most cared for, in America it is the lower million. And I doubt not that you, worthy British tourist, accustomed 25 as you are to be petted and cheated in the old haunts of European travel, will take ill with the stern equal justice of Republican institutions.

The American sleeping car is an institution which deserves especial mention, which, however, I must reserve for another place. For my first impressions of American railways were derived from a night journey, tedious and uncomfortable, in the ordinary cars between New York and Boston, on a line which by no means performs the service between two such important towns in the manner that might be expected. Night travelling in the ordinary carriages is particularly uncomfortable; as the backs of the seats only reach up to the shoulders, there is no support for the head; and then, moreover, there are no divisions between the seats, so that each man, as weariness and slumber overcome him, naturally endeavours to obtain some comfort at the expense of his neighbours. Of this I came in for my full share, owing to the constant attempts of an unconscious individual on the seat behind to rest his legs upon my shoulders. Not that there was so much in that, but then he sometimes missed his aim and gave me a kick on the head. D

## CHAPTER III. CAMBRIDGE AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

Cambridge, though no longer the quiet New England village, so charmingly described by Lowell in his recollections of thirty years ago, still offers, in its peaceful academic calm, a refreshing contrast to the eager and striving life outside. While Boston has grown up to be a great city, Cambridge, linked to it by chains of rail, has grown up, amid the chestnuts and

the elms, to be a beautiful suburb. Its dwellings, mostly of wood, and coloured of a pale straw or cream, though offering perhaps rather a type of sameness in design, harmonize well in their unobtrusive good taste with the associations of the place.

Here, clustered together under the shadow of the oldest university of the New World, dwell many of the men whose names America most justly cherishes. And here, just landed from Boston by the horse-ears, I found myself enquiring the way to the residence of the poet Longfellow. I put the question to a man dressed as a workman whom I met hurrying along the road; he growled out something, I know not what, and passed on. I met another, and put the same question to him; he passed on without growling, or even turning his 27 head to look at me. I felt hurt and disappointed. “Surely,” I said to myself, “everybody in Cambridge ought to know where Longfellow lives, and with something like reverence to point out the place.” But immediately I recovered myself, remembering the rule which I had laid down not to judge hastily—the men whom I had met might not even be Cambridge men, and I determined to try again, using more discrimination. So seeing two very intelligent looking workmen painting a door, I asked if they could tell me where Mr. Longfellow lived. “ *Professor* Longfellow,” said one of them reprovingly. “Yes, Professor Longfellow,” said I, humbly. Then they both stopped from their work and took civil pains to give me all needful directions. Presently, however, being at fault again, and meeting a very nice looking old gentleman, I put the same question to him, and this time I took care to remember the Professor. “ *Mr.* Longfellow,” he said, “he is not Professor now,” and then, with the utmost politeness, he turned back out of his way, nor did he leave me till he saw me safe at the gate of Cragie House. So I learned another lesson regarding the rule, which a traveller can never keep too much before him, never to be in a hurry to form general conclusions.

A fine old house it is in which the poet lives, standing back from the road, and surrounded by its own grounds. It was once the head-quarters of Washington, and, like all the houses of the 28 colonial period, is built of wood. Two stately elms, one on either side, carefully guarded by their master's hand from the attacks of the deadly cankerworm, stand among the trees of a younger growth, sole survivors of the older time. In front it looks over the

Auburn road upon the river Charles, slowly winding through level pastures to the sea. Beyond, the village of Brighton peeps out from under the shelter of the trees, and the view is closed in by a range of gentle slopes with the pretty woods of Auburn on the right.

I found him in his study,—an elegant and cheerful room, in one corner of which a fine orange tree, with its golden fruit, keeps green the memory of a departed friend, the late Professor Felton. The table is strewn with books and presentation copies in various languages—aye, even in Chinese. But the ways of the Chinese are not as our ways; and this presentation copy was in the shape of a fan, on which a poet of the Flowery land had written a translation of the Psalm of Life; and if the translation were only as good as the writing, assuredly the work was well done. Though the features of the poet have been made familiar to us by many pictures and photographs, yet no one can see him for the first time without being struck with his appearance. His expression of mingled dignity and gentleness has been fairly presented to us; but the peculiar sweetness of his smile and the touch of spiritual beauty which often 29 plays upon his features, cannot be rendered in a likeness. Before him lies the ever open Dante, his translation of which, a labour of love, which has occupied him for some years, now approaches to completion. But Dante has not his undivided regard, and hardly would the picture of Longfellow in his study be complete without, ever and anon, through one of the “three doors left unguarded,” a little figure stealing gently in, laying an arm around his neck as he bends over his work, and softly whispering some childish secret in his ear.

Then, too, his work is interrupted by frequent visitors of another sort, for among the travellers of all nations the tour of America would hardly be considered complete without a visit to Cragie House. And speaking fluently French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, having also a knowledge of Danish, and of Dutch, it may well be supposed that there seldom comes a traveller with whom the Poet cannot, if need be, hold converse in his own tongue. And sometimes there come other visitors too, self-introduced—a class to whom the customs of America shew more tolerance than they do with us. I remember, during the period of my stay, a Western man, comically quaint and cool, who came with

a request to see the pictures at Cragie House. On two successive days he came, and for three or four good hours was Dante thrown aside while, with an amused good humour, the poet answered all his 30 odd questions, and shewed him everything there was to be seen. Then there came very many others craving assistance in sickness or sorrow, and to these a deaf ear is never turned. No man's income can be a secret in America; the income-tax returns are open to public inspection; and the newspapers amuse their readers by classified lists of the incomes of prominent merchants, literary men, politicians, and others. Mr. Longfellow is endowed with an income far exceeding that which is generally supposed to fall to the lot of poets, and as he never refuses to listen to any tale of distress, the number of applicants, worthy and unworthy, who find their way to his gate, is by no means small. The airs which some of the American beggars give themselves are very amusing. I remember the case of a man who came with his arm in a sling representing himself to have been wounded in the service of his country. Mr. Longfellow having some suspicion, asked to be allowed to look at the wounded arm. “It is not a pleasant sight to shew a gentleman,” said the man. “Perhaps not, but we are obliged sometimes to look at unpleasant things.” “Well, Sir!” said the man, drawing himself up, “if that is the light in which you look at the matter, I would rather not be beholden to you for assistance, and so I wish you good morning.” Then there was another man upon whom, in response to his tale of hunger and distress, there was bestowed a handsome loaf. Now 31 the least that any English beggar would have done under the circumstances, would have been to have taken the loaf and converted it into gin. But this would have been beneath the spirit of an American beggar, and so he resented the insult to his dignity by depositing the loaf as he passed out like an ornament on the top of the gate post.

At Cragie House I found the Poet's eldest son, “called by men Charlie,” as Mr. Hughes says, a fine young fellow not yet of age, recovering from a wound—having been shot through the body—from which nothing but youth and a good constitution could have saved him. Having enlisted in the first instance as a private in the artillery, he was, as soon as found out, appointed to a Lieutenant's commission in a regiment of Massachusetts

cavalry. He confirmed the statement which I had heard elsewhere as to the aversion of the Confederate cavalry to a charge with cold steel, their favourite way of fighting being with the pistol—a habit perhaps acquired before they had any Federal cavalry to cope with.

There are few of the distinguished men of the North who have not lost sons or near relatives fighting for the Union; the record is given by Mr. Hughes, in the January number of “Fraser's Magazine,” and a noble roll it is. And we may well believe that these men thus giving up all they held most dear in the cause, should feel bitterly the cruel and unjust taunt put forth in 32 some of the English papers of that time, that they were carrying on a miserable conflict by the aid of hired aliens. How in any one case “miserable”? The term implies either an inadequate cause or an unworthy foe. The Chinese war, with Armstrong guns against bows and arrows, might be called a miserable war—perhaps even the war in New Zealand. But a war which, looked at in the lowest point of view, was carried on to preserve the integrity of a great nation, whether we sympathized with its object or not, had no right to be called by such a name.

A frequent visitor at Cragie House when Congress is not sitting, is Charles Sumner, the scholarly Senator for Massachusetts, and the representative man of New England politics. And an interesting sight it was to see these two men, Longfellow and Sumner, so kindred and yet so different, sitting together on the eve of the great contest which was to decide the place of America in the world's history—Sumner with the Poet's little daughter nestling in his lap, for he is a man to whom all children come—calmly discussing some question of European literature. Mr. Sumner seemed to feel deeply the defection of certain of the old antislavery leaders of England from the Northern cause in the great crisis of the struggle, and all the more because New England had always been a link, by this common sympathy, between the old country and the new.

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A frequent guest, too, is J. Russell Lowell, who succeeded to the Professorship of the English Language and Literature in Harvard University, formerly held by Mr. Longfellow.

Mr. Lowell, the most remarkable of a remarkable family, though best known to the world by his humour, takes a high rank in many departments of literature, and the general complaint among his countrymen is only that he writes too little. He has given a high character to humour, because he has used it for a high purpose, in selecting it as the weapon to fight the battle of opinion among his countrymen. When we remember that there are few men who have suffered in their families as Lowell has during the war, his lines

“God's price ez high, but nothin else Than wut he sells wears long,”

rise into something of solemn pathos. Perhaps to those who saw in the great struggle of the last four years nothing but a subject for highly spiced articles to amuse the English public, this, along with some of Mrs. Howe's stirring lyrics, may seem “profane.” To those who, like myself, look upon it as the greatest battle between freedom and slavery that the world has ever seen, the profaneness is on the other side. In conversation brilliant and amusing, Mr. Lowell is one of the persons in whose company one can scarcely be without carrying away something worthy to be remembered.

And often, too, comes Agassiz, with his gentle E 34 and genial spirit, his child-like devotion to science, and—or he would not be a true son of his adopted country—his eager interests in the politics of the day. We went to hear one of his lectures at the University—not one of what are considered the popular lectures, but one of a special course to a small class. Yet it was deeply interesting, the subject being the shell of the nautilus, and the question whether the nautilus forms its own habitation, and if so, in what manner. In clear and terse English, though with a slightly foreign accent, he traced the course of scientific observation up to the present time, indicating the questions which still remained to be solved, and suggesting the points to which the attention of enquirers should now be more especially directed. He wound up with some general remarks, in the course of which he exhorted his hearers to strive to take the same pleasure in the scientific discoveries of others as in their own—a noble aim, yet, ah! how difficult to attain. I believe, however, that if there are any persons capable of so much single-mindedness, Agassiz is one of them.

Between the Poet and the Naturalist there exists a very warm friendship, and among other poetical tributes, Mr. Longfellow has achieved the feat—for so it must seem to us with our rigid English tongues—of addressing to his friend in the October number of the “Atlantic Monthly,” a gay and graceful *chanson* in his native language.

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And often, too, comes Dana, one of the most charming of talkers, and, more especially with his sea-stories, enthralling the circle of young and old. Nor should the Poet's brother, Mr. Samuel Longfellow, be omitted from the list, a scholar and a critic, who, if he had been the only one of his name, might have been better known as a writer both in prose and verse.

These are the guests at Cragie House, and though the Master receives them always in republican simplicity, with his children at the board, yet he has in his cellars—the gift perhaps of admirers in various lands—wines not unworthy to be set before them—the rare old Madeira, of which all that is left in the world seems to have found its way into America —the delicate Chartreuse—and, flower of American vintages, the “Golden Wedding” of Longworth from the banks of the Ohio, that well-known wine

“Whose rich perfume Fills all the room With a benison on the giver;”

whom, as I tasted, I also blest.

At the distance of a pleasant walk from Cambridge lies the cemetery of Auburn, with its well-kept walks, and shadowy trees, and pretty plots of flowers, a beautiful city of the dead. The monuments are for the most part in good taste, and the inscriptions intended rather to express the affection of the living than to hand down the virtues of the 36 dead to an uncaring posterity. Even in one case that I observed, the grave of a man named Swallow, the device of a swallow flying home seemed so appropriate that one could forgive the conceit. There is something of a touching simplicity in the manner in which many of the graves of a household are disposed—the family name being in a place by itself, and the

memorial stone of each containing nothing but the name, such as, “Our dear mother,” “Frank,” “Alice,” “Little Mary.” And yet it seems curious how the idea is made to take in nothing but the present, for who in a century hence will be able to say who they are who sleep in these undated graves. Perhaps all will know who care to know. And yet I must own that when I saw afterwards in a stone-cutter's yard a number of monuments ready made, with inscriptions precisely of the same sort, the edge was somewhat taken off the sentiment. Perhaps a little more so when I read in the papers about a man in Connecticut who was buried in the midst of the six wives whom he had survived, the monuments of the wives, each containing simply the name, being ranged in a circle, with the monolith of the man, inscribed, “Our Husband,” in the middle.

A short distance from Auburn is Fresh Pond, a pretty sheet of water, and a favourite resort of the Boston people, both in summer for its picturesque quiet, and in winter for the fine field which it 37 affords to the skater. Moreover, the ice is made a double debt to pay, for at the close of the long winter, it is cat into blocks and sold, much of it, I dare say, finding its way to London, under the name of Wenham. For the Wenham lake, which is also in the same neighbourhood, would seem to be much too small a sheet, not being more than a mile in circumference, to supply all the demand. Prettily situated on the bank overlooking the lake is a little inn, with, according to custom, its “Ladies' entrance,” and “Gentlemens' entrance.” This arrangement, so common in America, is in certain cases, such as that of the post-office, where there may be sometimes a rough pressure, a very considerate one, and worthy of imitation. But why men and women could not go in and out of a little pleasure house like this by the same door did seem to me somewhat of a marvel.

I noticed, first in Cambridge, afterwards in other New England towns, and even occasionally in Boston itself, a primitive little custom which tended strongly to shew what a well-behaved people this is. A tradesman, say a carpenter or painter, hangs a slate on the outside of his shop, so that, after he has closed in the evening, or if he has occasion. to leave his shop for a time in the middle of the day, any customer having any commands to give may make a memorandum on it of what is wanted. Take the most well-conducted

town in England, and just imagine for a 38 moment what fools' errands any unfortunate man would be sent upon who should venture to lay himself open in such a way. Yet here, under the shadow of the University, where practical joking among the students themselves has grown almost to a dangerous pitch, no one ever thinks of doing a thing which would be so much opposed to the grave, practical character of the public mind.

There seemed to me, from the slight glimpses I got of it, perhaps under favourable auspices, to be something very charming in the life among the Professors and others at Cambridge. Republicanism certainly appears in its most gracious guise in those quiet little gatherings, where everything is in a style of perfect yet refined simplicity, and yet where everything—and notably the conversation and the wine—is of the best.

It was my privilege, on the occasion of both my visits to America, to spend my parting days at Cragie House. And as the traveller after his weary journey through the desert, rests at eventide by the still waters under the shadow of the palm-trees—so from the keen, anxious life of the West—from the strife and bitterness of the South—did I come back to the calm, beautiful life of the Poet's household. The last day of all was a Christmas day—kept up in the good old style. The yule-log sparkled on the hearth—the plum-pudding smoked upon the board—with his prettiest offerings did the good Saint fill the stockings of the little girls 39 by night—and all day long did the presents come pouring in to the children of a much-loved household, till the drawing-room table on the following morning looked like the stall of a fancy fair. Even the passing guest came in for some tokens, not needed to remind him of that day. And he left the house wherein the presence of the Master is a perpetual sunshine—where never a peremptory word is spoken, and yet there is a perfect loving obedience—with the feeling that it was good for a man to have been there.

## CHAPTER IV. MAINE.

Portland is a town—I speak by the guide-book—of 30,000 inhabitants, and 3,000 trees. The pretty custom, so prevalent in America, of planting the streets with avenues of trees,

is more thoroughly carried out here than perhaps in any other place. And in the older streets, where the trees have grown so as to meet and arch over-head, the effect is like that of looking down a pleasant woodland glade. Hence, as every American town must have its soubriquet, Portland aspires to the title of “The Forest City.” And to keep up its pretentions, among its other civic officers, it has a “Forester.” Like a lamp-lighter with his ladder, he runs about the streets, examining the condition of his charge, pruning away the dead wood, removing the unsightly boughs, and protecting the trees from the attacks of the deadly canker-worm.

But Portland has substantial comfort too—it would not be easy to find a place of the same size with so great a number of good houses, or one upon which, taking it altogether, the impress of thriving seems to be more distinctly set. Many of those houses are, I understand, built by mechanics, who 41 have, to use an expressive New England term, become “fore-handed,” that is, saved a little money.

The visitor who is anxious for the quiet which the American hotel denies him, will find it here in the well-kept boarding-house of Miss Jones, where, in addition to the comfort which his English nature yearns for, he will have the advantage of pleasant and cultivated society. For here, as elsewhere in America, the troubles attending upon a separate establishment have induced persons of education and of high social position in the town, to take up their abode in houses of this sort.

Here I had a visit from General Neel Dow, to whom I had a letter of introduction. He discoursed, somewhat in the American fashion, on the political features of the day, and in particular on the relations between England and America—the latter being of course represented by himself, and the former by a correspondent of his in Manchester. But what struck me as rather odd, was that he did not seem to care to know what I, an Englishman present before him in the flesh, had to say upon the matter. The charges which I saw made in certain Southern papers against Neal Dow of enriching himself by plunder when in command in the South, I believe to be utterly without foundation. For it seems to me

that the character which a man bears in the place where he has lived and worked all his life is more to be trusted than the 42 vague imputations which are naturally so rife under circumstances of intense excitement. And in Portland Neal Dow's character stands altogether above suspicion.

Not far from Portland is one of the settlements of the curious sect called Shakers. In addition to the peculiarities of their mode of worship, they have another not so generally known, which, as they describe it in their own language, would be to say that “they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God.” Hence, in order to prevent their sect from dying out, they are under the necessity of recruiting their numbers by adopting the children of others. And as it is only the very poor, or the very indifferent, who are willing thus to part with their offspring, it is obvious that an element is introduced which tends to keep them down to the lowest intellectual level. A clergyman whom I met at Portland, told me that he once put the question to one of this sect—“If people were all of your way of thinking, how could the business of the world be carried on?” The reply was characteristic—“Who can say but that this may be the way by which God in His providence designs to bring the world to an end?”

What a dismal idea it brings before us of the closing scene of human life—it never crossed my imagination before. First a world—a dreary world—of men and women, and no children. Ah! what 43 apings of innocence—what a yearning for the old loved childliness! Had Mr. Longfellow, whose early days were spent here, heard of this doctrine when he wrote—

“What would the world be to us If the children were no more?”

Then a middle-aged world, living on its traditions of loveliness, and hanging here and there over some well-preserved relics of beauty. An aged world—all spectacles and flannel night caps! The last man—ghastlier than Campbell's—dead amid his gallipots and pill-boxes!

The popular belief, however, by no means exalts the Shakers above the ordinary frailties of humanity, for in the vicinity of their settlement there is a pond in which the popular theory is that all children born in violation of Shakerism are quietly drowned. The antipodes to the Shakers are a sect, of whom I read an account in an American paper, whose doctrine is that none but married couples go to Heaven. An exception is certainly made in favour of religious celibates, but they are not admitted to the best places, but have only an uncomfortable sort of standingroom somewhere in the back ground. I was reminded of this afterwards at Louisville by a notice which I saw in the theatre, to the effect that no seats could be secured by gentlemen in the boxes unless they were accompanied by ladies. 44 There seemed here to be contained the germ of that idea which had afterwards blossomed into a religion.

It might be a useful hint to the members of some of the farmers' sparrow-clubs in England to know that an attempt was lately made to naturalize the sparrow in Maine, for the express purpose of destroying the insects and preserving the crops. The attempt was unsuccessful, the last pair having built their nest in so exposed a place in Miss Jones' garden that, despite the general sympathy enlisted for their protection, the brood fell a prey to some of the numerous enemies of their race.

From Portland I proceeded to a place called Lewiston—a rising seat of manufactures. Here, as I was informed by one of my fellow-passengers on board the *Persia* , a New England engineer, are some of the finest and newest cotton mills of the United States. The power is supplied by the Androscoggin river, which here makes a picturesque fall of fifty feet—a “pair of falls” is the expression they oddly enough make use of in this part of America. It was here I met with the first specimen of what is generally called an Americanism. A small boy belonging to the hotel carried my portmanteau upstairs to my bedroom, having done which he sat down and proceeded leisurely to read aloud all the labels and directions upon it. “I guess you're English,” he at length said; to 45 which I replied that I was. “Well,” he said, “you talk just as if you was a greenhorn.” This quaint

youth seemed, however, to have some element of good about him, for just as I was about leaving he came and sat down beside me, and, pointing mysteriously to one of the hotel servants, whispered, “If you give the boys anything, give it to that one, 'cos he's the poorest.”

“What a place for churches!” was my first thought when I awoke in the morning, and heard bells ringing all around slowly and solemnly as if for service, while from a distance came a grand, deep note as if from some old cathedral. But I remembered in a moment what I had heard of the great bell at the Androscoggin Mill, which is said to be the same size and weight as that of St. Paul's, weighing 11,000 pounds, and then I knew that these were the factory bells, which seemed to say in their grave and solemn tones, “ *laborare est orare.* ”

My friend the engineer was not at home, and the manager of the mill was not at home, and there was no one to show me round the place, but they gave me a pass on the strength of my representations, and allowed me to go in and wander about wherever I liked. It seemed rather odd—and certainly would not be allowed in England—to have a stranger go poking about a place by himself in this way, trying first one door and then another, and getting into all sorts of holes 46 and corners by mistake. The mill is in all respects a very fine one, architecturally handsome, and an ornament instead of—as factories so often are—a disfigurement to the place. All around it by the waterside too is prettily planted and neatly kept. Inside everything was well arranged, and in good order, and the floors—chewing and spitting being sternly forbidden—were a model to some carpeted saloons that I have seen elsewhere in America. The mill is driven by two turbines, of the power, together, of 300 horse, and the power is taken up from the turbine house by huge belts. The engineer was on his return from a tour of observation through the manufacturing districts of England, and with the exception of some machinery adapted to the cleaning of Surat cotton, he had come to the conclusion that Lancashire was not in any respect a-head of New England.

The workers had, on the whole, much the same appearance as in England, for the days when the factory girls carried parasols and wrote poetry, as we used to read of their

doing at Lowell, have long since been at an end. A great part of them live in boarding houses belonging to the company, and subject to strict regulations. The houses close at ten at night, and no one is admitted after that hour without reasonable excuse. Any irregularity of conduct on the part of any of the inmates is to be instantly reported by the 47 mistress to the manager. Sunday is to be observed with strict decorum; all the inmates to be vaccinated, &c. Wholesome as these regulations are, I doubt whether our English operatives would be found very ready to submit to so much discipline.

These mills are all owned by joint-stock companies, and have, as I was informed, been kept at work all through the cotton famine. One of them had just declared a dividend of fourteen per cent., which is enough to make the mouths of English mill-owners water. I apprehend, however, that this result has been owing rather to the rise in gold than to the profits of manufacturing.

Lewiston, as I was informed, is the only place in the State of Maine where the law against the sale of intoxicating drinks is at present strictly carried out. When Neal Dow was Mayor of Portland it was strictly enforced there; but as a rule, the municipal authorities on whom it devolves to carry it into effect are unwilling to do so: from which I should presume that the popular feeling is not in favour of a rigid enforcement. The State of Ohio by a special Act prohibited the sale of intoxicating drinks on the one day of the Presidential election, and by a curious coincidence, the day after I saw the proclamation on the walls of Cincinnati, I read in an American paper an extract from a speech of the Dean of Carlisle advocating a similar 48 restriction in this country, and stating that the members of the British House of Commons were wheeled into St. Stephen's on beer-barrels, a statement which I hope none of the Americans who read it would take otherwise than in a metaphorical sense.

## CHAPTER V. THE WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I suppose Mount Washington is the only mountain in the world to the top of which you can drive in a carriage and six. This is the way I went up, having joined with a party of two

ladies and a gentleman whom I met at the hotel at Gorham, one of the principal starting points for the White Mountains. For an enterprising company of speculators have made a fair carriage road to the top, some 6,400 feet above the level of the sea. They axe paid by a toll of a dollar per head; and as about 6,000 persons made the ascent during the last season, it seems probable that the speculation is by no means a bad one. They have, moreover, carried the telegraph wires to the top, so that a merchant sitting in the hotel may enjoy the prospect and transact his business at the same time. But the wires had just been taken down for the season, and laid along the ground at the foot of the poles, for otherwise the icicles in winter would accumulate upon them to such a weight as to break them down. F

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The varied foliage of the lower slopes, then in all the gorgeous beauty of the autumnal tints, gradually gave way, as we wound slowly up the mountain side, to the dark green of the pine, amid which the struggling birch intermixed its tufts of yellow to the last. And at length a line of blasted pines, stretching their white skeleton arms aloft, marked where the biting mountain blast had struck a deadly chill to the hearts of the foremost climbers. Presently the driver stopped and removed the cover from the top and sides of the carriage, telling us that it was a necessary precaution against being blown over—an accident which does sometimes occur—and so, in the midst of a searching Scotch mist, we arrived on the mountain top. Here is a comfortable hotel containing accommodation for sixty persons —and a civil landlord—as a landlord on a mountain top should be. Above all, on this especial mountain top, for is it not the chosen haunt where young couples come in their first happiness—to stand together and look in the distance over the calm bright sea—and count the ships of the future! As for us, in accordance with the common fate of mountain climbers, we found the top enveloped in a dense mist, and so all we could do was to dry our drenched wrappings, dine, make ourselves comfortable, and read the account in the visitors book of the magnificent prospect which had been seen on the day before.

51

Next to Mount Washington, the most notable sight of the White Mountains is a rock which presents a remarkable resemblance to the profile of a stern and majestic face. This is known by the name of the Profile Mountain, and is of sufficient interest to support an hotel of its own. Almost every mountain district has some object of this sort to show: thus in Switzerland there is a rock near Lausanne containing some resemblance to the features of Napoleon; in the English lake district we have the Lion and the Lamb. But this is perhaps the most striking object of the kind, and it certainly loses nothing in the hands of the Americans. “The Sphynx of Egypt,” says the White Mountain Guide, “must confess itself surpassed in mysterious interest” by this strange likeness in stone; the Indians in former times “must have” paid divine honours to it, &c. Hawthorne has made it the subject of one of his tales called “The Old Stone Face,” and a German in America has written a strange, dreamy book called “Christus Vindex,” containing the story of a painter who, haunted by an image which he could not realize, of Christ judging the world, after many wanderings and adventures in search of it, found it at last among, the mountains of New Hampshire.

The whole of this beautiful district is very curiously disfigured by the manner in which the 52 rocks are covered with advertisements.* The great advertisers in America scorn to confine themselves to newspapers—they stamp their advertisements on the face of nature; so that not only he who runs may read, but must read whether he likes or not. Every prominent rock, not only in the White Mountain district but along the beautiful banks of the Hudson and in every place where travellers most congregate, is carefully painted in large letters with the name of some specific or other—the most persistently obtrusive being the “plantation bitters” and “sozodont,” a preparation for the teeth. If you stand by the Profile Mountain to gaze on the wonderful old stone face, your eye is arrested by “Drake's Plantation Bitters”—if you pause by the Echo Lake to listen, you are met by invitations to “Try the Sozodont.” “And echo replies ‘O, don't,’” wrote a wag underneath.

* The Legislature of New Hampshire has since passed a law prohibiting this disfigurement.

The greatest hit in the advertising line was made by the proprietors of the former on the occasion of the celebration of Independence Day in Boston, when, as usual, there was a grand display of fireworks, and all Boston was there to see. The final tableau had just died away in darkness, when, in a moment, before the spectators had time to turn away their eyes, another shower of many-coloured flames lighted up the 53 sky, and in all the glory of fire leaped out the words—

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS!

And not in vain are all these ingenious devices if we may trust the statement put forth by the proprietors of this article that there were sold during the past year 179 miles of bottles. On my last visit to Boston there was another article called Buchu, the name of which met my eyes at every turn, and I never could see it without wondering how it was pronounced, till at last, if I had remained many days in America, I should in utter desperation have gone and bought a bottle, to set my mind at rest.

They have too sometimes a very quaint way of calling attention to their advertisements. Thus I saw at St. Louis the walls placarded in very large letters with the words—

“AS PURE AS A SOUL WITHOUT SIN.”

Drawing near with a natural curiosity to know what that could be which laid claim to such a title, I read in very small letters below—

*The unfermented bread.*

We slept at the well-kept Alpine House at Gorham, a station on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and as the line at present only pays the interest on its debentures, had a good night's rest—by and bye when there is a dividend for the 54 shareholders, the place may become noisy and uncomfortable.

On the following day, joining the same party in a carriage, I drove through about forty miles of New Hampshire, in the midst of a hard and ungenial soil, covered with the yet unstubbed roots, that made me realize in full degree the patience and the courage of the old settlers of New England. Our road, skirting for a great part of the way the range of the White Mountains, presented us with some magnificent views of the woods in all their glorious autumnal tints. On the lower mountain slopes the diversified foliage presented many varied hues—there was the scarlet, gorgeous as the plumage of the birds of the tropics—the brilliant yellow that would have been glaring, had it been in larger masses—but, of all, the most beautiful were the varying shades of tender green. On the higher slopes above, the dense pine forests looked almost black in the distance, and the intermingling masses of the sere yellow birch looked sickly in the shade. But when the sun came out and lighted up the heavy masses, bringing a touch of green into the pines, and giving a golden glow to the yellow tufts of birch, the effect was as that of a glorious embroidery.

We arrived in the evening at the little town of Lyttleton, a place for once not misnamed, a station on the railway. The country was then in all the excitement of the Presidential election—nothing 55 was talked of but politics, and so it was not unnatural that one of the first questions we asked at the hotel was, “Are the people here generally Republicans or Democrats?” The reply was rather a striking commentary on secret voting. “They have been very carefully counted, and there are only two Republicans among the whole number.” So we happening to be all Republicans, found we had got into the enemy's camp. Nevertheless, the ladies of our party made themselves, as they always did, so agreeable that they completely triumphed over all adverse politics, and so established us in the good graces of our landlord that the next morning, as we were proceeding to the station—marvel of marvels! he was seen with his portly figure trotting along by the side of the omnibus to see us off. And when we got to the station, he looked after all our luggage, and saw it checked for us, and then came round and shook hands with each of us in the kindly old German fashion.

“Well,” thought I, “there is something civilizing in these institutions after all. When I see women of culture and refinement thus going about and impressing all with whom they come in contact with their kindness and good humour, acknowledging with gradeful courtesy the slightest services—so different to what I had read of American women,—subduing even the haughty aristocrat of the hotel (for the hotel keepers are, as Russell observes, the natural aristocracy of America), I cannot but 56 confess that there is something good and kindly in the system which thus brings all classes together.” I will not yet say that there is not; but I fear that on this occasion I drew, as travellers are apt to do, too general a conclusion from an individual instance. For I found afterwards that these ladies were Americans resident in England, where one of them is married to a distinguished French writer. They had come over to their native country on a visit, full of love and sympathy for her in her hour of terrible trial, with a feeling of fellowship for each one of her individual sons and daughters, and I think perhaps that they might be more American than the Americans. He—it may not be wrong to name M. Auguste Langel—like most of the Orleanists, and indeed of French liberals in general, was a staunch supporter of the Northern cause. But who would have thought that that quiet and silent man, who seemed to do nothing all day but break stones with a hammer (for he is a great geologist), was taking his notes all the while for a brilliant article in the *Revue de Deux Mondes.*

We parted company, and I went on to Concord, the capital of New Hampshire. A pretty town it is, with the pleasant stamp of the New England quiet upon it. It consists of a business street for a back-bone, and cross streets of private dwellings embowered among trees, for ribs.

Here I experienced something of a new sensation, 57 for sauntering slowly down the main street, I met coming towards me two ladies, one of whom had on an unmistakable pair of pantaloons. They were smartly cut—something in the Zouave style—for she was much too good a judge to appeal to the sisterhood with any ill-fitting garment—and underneath there peeped out a neat little pair of boots. This lady was young, and, I think, well-looking,

but my attention was so rivetted upon her lower extremities that I had not much time to look at her face. I saw then, I may say, the bloomer costume in its most favourable aspect, and yet I must own that the well-shaped garment thus worn conscientiously by a young and pretty woman made a more unpleasant impression upon me—perhaps from the reality with which it was invested—than the same thing in the vulgar and dowdy shape in which it was brought before us by the lecturers, mostly faded actresses, who strove to earn a wretched penny by exhibiting themselves in England some years ago. It must not be supposed, however, that this is an American institution, for I had already observed it mentioned as a notable fact in one of the Boston papers, that there was such a pretty bird of rare plumage to be seen at Concord. And I believe that this lady has since formally retired from the advanced position in which she found she was not supported by the sympathies of her sex. Yet it may be—now that men are beginning to be distinguished from women by their 58 faces—that by slow degrees and in course of years, some form of a dress, which is in itself really comfortable and convenient, may find its way into use among women. But this generation, which has always associated angels with petticoats, will not tolerate them in pantaloons.

My mind had scarcely yet recovered its equilibrium when I met with another incident which, though not so striking as the preceding, is yet worthy of being recorded. As I was standing reading a placard on the walls, a girl came up to me with her mouth full of something which looked like toffy, but which was, I suspect, a sort of gum which the women are in the habit of chewing in this part of America. She handed me a paper containing an appeal on behalf of her father who had met with an accident which prevented him from following his occupation. She stood by chewing away with the utmost nonchalance while I was reading it, and took what I gave her in a sort of quiet, business-like manner, and apparently without the slightest idea that the transaction partook in any degree of the nature of begging. I refer to this incident more particularly, as being the only case of the kind, out of the large towns, which I met with in America. The absence of mendicancy in any shape is certainly a very marked feature; and I think we are in justice bound to acknowledge in this, one of

its more pleasing forms, that spirit of personal independence which sometimes manifest 59 itself in a manner less agreeable. And yet, when one does give charity, as my impression was I was doing on this occasion, one rather likes to get a due return of thankfulness. Even the fervid flow of Irish gratitude, blarney though it be, does not come amiss, for one cannot help a sort of lurking feeling that—amid all that shower of blessing—some of it perchance may stick

**CHAPTER VI. NIAGARA AND TRENTON.**

I took the cars from Boston to Albany, *en route* for Niagara. At Albany we changed trains, and I made my first acquaintance with the American sleeping car. The sleeping-car is in the day-time like any other car, but by a number of ingenious contrivances, most of which are the subjects of patents, its transformation is effected in a very short time; as, for instance, when the train stops for supper. Each pair of seats makes up into one bed, so that; a person when lying takes up just the same room as four persons sitting. Then, by means of various supports and appliances attached to the sides of the carriage, a second tier of beds is arranged above the first, into which you must clamber as into the upper berths of a steamer. Then sometimes there is a third tier, but this is not the general rule, and crowds the carriage to an uncomfortable extent. In some cases there are berths completely partitioned off, so that ladies may regularly go to bed if they like in all privacy. At each end there is generally a stove and also a place for washing in the morning. Travellers have sometimes complained of unpleasant closeness in these 61 carriages, but inasmuch as they generally contain only one half, and in no case more than three-fourths, of the ordinary number of passengers, and as the means of ventilation are at least equal to those in the other carriages, it is evident that this is not an essential condition of the sleeping carriage. They are certainly much over-heated, but that is a general evil which prevails both in the hotels and in the private residences of the Americans. These cars are not generally run by the railway companies themselves, but are the property of private individuals or of companies, who, having bought up the various patents, put their cars upon the rail. You pay your ordinary fare to the railway company, and when you get

into the sleeping car, you pay the additional charge, generally not more than half-a-crown, to the person appointed to receive it.

The most uncomfortable part of the proceeding I found to be the getting up in the morning, while the car was being transformed into its former state, and the occupants were crowded into the narrow passage way in the middle. But presently the car was cleared, and all the sleeping gear stowed away—where it went to always seemed to me a mystery. Then daylight was let in, and pictures from the outside morning flitted past—a town newly knocked together, with its hotel, and its “Third United States Bank,”—a cemetery, and a train of little girls in white following a playmate to her early grave—a mist steaming up before the windows as 62 we passed over the Falls of the Genesee—and the train stopped at Rochester.

Immediately behind me in the carriage sat a lady, who, as I gathered from her remarks, was the wife of the captain of one of the iron-clad ships, then just ready for launching. I overheard her in conversation with her neighbour make this remark:—“There is a very strong feeling in the navy against England for her conduct towards us. There is a strong feeling against France, too, because, you know we expected better things from her.” I regret that I had not the opportunity of having a talk with this lady on the subject, for I think I might have shewn her that at least on some point that feeling was exaggerated. But though I afterwards commenced a conversation with her for that purpose, before I could bring it round to the unpleasant subject, we had to part company, as she was going to Buffalo and I to Niagara. That such a feeling should prevail between two nations which of all the nations in the world have the most in common is a thing most deeply to be deplored. And we on our part are bound to consider seriously and candidly to what extent we have given the Americans just cause of irritation. There are no doubt some items in the catalogue of grievances put forward by some of their speakers and writers, such for instance as the supply of arms and munitions of war to the Confederates, which are altogether unreasonable. 63 Such transactions are not prohibited by international law, and there will always be found individuals ready to engage in them. The Northerners are

apt to forget that they themselves have, so far as they required, received an unlimited supply of the same, and they forget it for the very reason that it has come to them by ordinary channels, and unrestricted by the dangers and difficulties which beset their opponents. The fairness of this indeed seems to us to require no demonstration, but for people angered at seeing their relatives killed by English guns, there requires a little more allowance to be made.

But the case of the Alabama stands on altogether different grounds, and it seems to me impossible for any just and candid Englishman fairly to review the circumstances connected with the career of that ship without confessing that under the same circumstances our own feeling would have been not a whit less bitter than that of the Americans. I do not refer at present to the action of the British Government, which, whether it may or may not have been wanting in energy for the occasion, was, I have no reason to doubt, taken in good faith; but to the fact that the wrong-doing of individuals in fitting out an armed ship to prey on the commerce of a friendly nation, failed to be condemned by the public sentiment of the nation to the fact that the career of the pirate ship—for in her English character the Alabama was a pirate— 64 instead of being a subject of shame and reprobation, seemed to be in many quarters a matter of exultation. And yet in that career there were many incidents which—international law apart—ought to have been specially revolting to Englishmen—such as that of hoisting the British flag to lure vessels to their doom—burning her prizes by night in order that vessels coming to render assistance might share the same fate—destroying on her return voyage the ship which had conveyed the noble beneficence of Americans to the starving workmen of Lancashire. And finally, when the Alabama had met with an equal match, and been sent to the bottom in sixty-five minutes by the superior gunnery of her adversary, that partisanship, culminating in the ridiculous, should seek to give the honours of the conflict to the vanquished, and cover Captain Semmes with glory for not having run away from a ship of his own size. But Captain Semmes, whose bravery it would be very unjust to doubt, had more sense than his admirers, and declined to be crowned with laurels in

commemoration of his defeat. These are unpleasant memories, but it is not by ignoring them that they are to be buried.

While I was yet pondering over these matters, unexpectedly the train drew up opposite to a noble suspension bridge. I looked out and saw a great river with a strange, troubled look about it, hurrying wildly along between two steep walls of rock. One 65 glance a-head, and there, just as if I saw it in a picture, was the Horse-shoe fall. I feel thankful that I was not disappointed with Niagara. I had endeavoured to tone down my imagination to the lowest point, for I was anxious for once not to be disappointed. But tone down your imagination as you will. you cannot say to yourself—“Now for Niagara”—and it not rise in spite of you. And let it rise—Niagara will ever live in my mind's eye as one of the great sights of a lifetime. If it were only the mighty river rushing along at race-horse speed before it takes the great leap, it were worth going there to see. Some it impresses with the sense of grandeur—some with the sense of power—me it impressed with the sense of horror, and with something akin to the feeling of the Indians who looked upon it as a great evil spirit, and sought to propitiate it by sacrifices. For I saw it first when the gathering shades of evening added something of mystery to the grandeur of the scene. Dimly through an awful cloud of mist was seen the gleaming rush above, and below, all the boiling gulf was shrouded in a dreadful gloom. In one respect only was I disappointed, and that was in the noise. For though in certain states of the wind the roar has been heard as far as Toronto, forty-four miles distant, yet when I was there it could hardly be distinguished in the village close bye. Only in the still watches of the night, as I lay in my hotel, the Cataract House overlooking the rapids, from G 66 behind the roaring tumult of the waters as they surged past, came up the deep, everlasting, hum of the falls beyond, that seemed to fill all the room as with a presence, and to be felt rather than heard.

Here I fell in with my former travelling companions who had just come from the falls of Trenton, with which they were greatly charmed, preferring them indeed even to Niagara. So I determined to go and see Trenton on the way back to New York, leaving the main line at Utica, where I arrived in the middle of the night. The great hotel adjoining the station

looked dark and sleepy, and a little inn on the other side of the street was lighted up with such a cheerful blaze that I at once accepted the invitation. There, too, was an Irish porter, who—but not till I had written down my name and address in the book—“knew my Honour to be an Englishman the moment he clapped his eyes on me at the station”—an act of recognition which of course was good for half a dollar. At the same time with myself there entered a recruiting agent with a lot of substitutes whom he had picked up in Canada —the most picturesque-looking set of blackguards I ever saw in my life. The men sat round the stove all night, but the agent went to bed himself, though evidently in fear and trembling, for I overheard him giving instructions to his subordinate to call him instantly if anything happened—the only thing that could happen being, I suppose, some of the men attempting to make off with the 67 bounty which they had already received. I strongly suspect that “Uncle Sam” had a very bad bargain of them.

On the following morning I took the cars on the little branch line to Trenton Falls. Some other passengers alighted at the station—there was the usual couple on their wedding tour—every pleasure haunt in America seemed to me to be full of them. Or can it be that the devotion which is generally considered among us to be the outward and visible sign of the honey-moon, is in America the normal state of married life? Then there was a French artist with a portfolio, and with all the pleasant sociability of his race; we fraternised at once and went down to the Falls together, comparing notes on what was in store for us. I had been told by my friends that Trenton was better worth seeing than Niagara, and he had been told precisely the same thing, by his friends, and so, on the strength of the double testimony, we allowed our imaginations something more than the common license.

Down through the thick woods we went into the deep ravine at the bottom of which runs the Trenton river, and following up its course for some distance along a ledge of slippery rocks, presently came to the lowest of the three falls. Beautiful indeed it is—the clear amber-coloured water flinging itself in a shining sheet over the most picturesque of rocky tables; and then the gay tints of the overhanging woods above seeming as if nature in a 68 sportive mood had sought to match together new colours in wood and water. Beautiful

indeed—but we had been thinking of Niagara. The one is like the angel of the Lord—the other like a lovely child. My companion stood for a moment in silence, then gave his shoulders an expressive shrug, and turning to me said, “Shall I go to Niagara?” He was in fact deeply disappointed, and he revenged himself upon the waterfall by refusing to take a sketch of it, though he had lugged a great portfolio down with him on purpose. “Oh, yes,” said I, “go to Niagara.”

## CHAPTER VII. AT THE FRONT WITH THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

It was a lovely Sunday afternoon as we steamed up the James river in the mail-boat *Dictator* , on the way to the head-quarters of the armies before Richmond. Here and there along the banks a desolate chimney-stalk standing up by itself among the woods—the wooden home-stead around it having been burned—shewed that all the fair district through which we were passing had been the scene of deadly strife. And the gun-boats stationed at intervals along the river, ready to sweep the banks with their fire, told us that all that was held by the Federals was what was within range of their guns.

Our passengers on the upper deck consisted of officers and suttlers, with a sprinkling of newspaper reporters and of that miscellaneous class who attend upon the operations of an army. The lower deck was crowded with soldiers, white and coloured, and all the available space was filled with field guns. The accommodation on board the mail-boat was by no means of a high order; the meals, though paid for at the usual rate, being coarse in quality and served up with more than the usual accompaniment of uncleanness; and the berths, though not wanting 70 in other respects, being provided only with a single piece of cloth, about the size of a child's pocket-handkerchief, to serve for the ablutions of two persons. This seems to be a common fault, and I observe that travelling Americans of the upper class frequently carry their own towels along with them, but I never saw such a short allowance on any other occasion. And I could not help thinking when I turned out in the morning—the other man having got up first and used up the towel—that this was indeed “the scant measure which is abominable.” However, I had reason to be thankful for the

accommodation such as it was, for as the officers of the army have, perhaps reasonably enough, the preference, when there is a crowd of them on board the boat, it is impossible for civilians to find any place to sleep, and difficult enough to get anything to eat.

In the course of the afternoon a service was held on the lower deck by a chaplain of one of the regiments at the front who was returning to his duties in the field. It was a striking sight to see—the men sitting upon the brass guns with which the deck was crowded, and listening with their rugged faces bent in eager attention upon the preacher, while in simple and earnest tones he reminded them that in all probability many of them would never return from the place to which they were going, and exhorted them to make themselves ready, while there was yet time, for another 71 world. He described in simple and forcible language, the death-bed of a Christian soldier whom he had known—how, one by one, he called his comrades to his side, made them take his dying hand, and promise to follow in his steps. How, last of all, the captain of his company, who had been, as he described him, a “scoffer,” came forward in answer to his earnest request, and promised that he too would try. All this was told with something of a dramatic earnestness, and many of the listeners were visibly moved. In the middle of his address, however, there was an interruption, when through the open ports there loomed upon us the strange figure of one of the captured rebel rams, and all eyes were eagerly turned upon the iron-sealed monster as she lay at anchor in the stream. In another moment she had passed out of sight, and the preacher resumed his address. The next story, I must own, grated strongly upon my mind. He had shewn us, he said, how a Christian soldier could die in his bed—he would shew us how he could die in the field. It was of an officer, who,. charging impetuously at the head of his troop, became separated from his men, and found himself alone in the midst of the enemy, who called upon him to surrender. His answer was a shot right and left from his revolver, which stretched two of his foes upon the ground. Again they called upon him to surrender—again his answer was two deadly shots from his revolver. Still, admiring his valour, 72 they were loath to take his life, and again called upon him to give up the unequal contest. “I never surrender,” was his answer, throwing away his pistol and drawing

his sword, and so at last for their own safety they were obliged to shoot him down. I do not know what effect was produced upon the soldiers whom he addressed, but I could not help thinking that, as the story was told, the real Christianity was with the brave men who were so anxious to spare the life of a gallant foe. After this the service became a little too demonstrative for my taste, the preacher calling upon any of the men whose hearts had been touched by his words to come forward and join hands with him while an appropriate hymn was sung—an appeal which, without at all underrating the interest of his address, I was not particularly surprised to find meet with no response.

In the evening we arrived at City Point, the former place of communication between Petersburg and the James River, and now the base of supplies for the armies before Richmond. The original “city” consists of two or three dwellings of wood, the principal of which, formerly belonging, as it is said, to an Englishman, and prettily situated on a point overlooking the junction of the Appomatox and the James, is now the head-quarters of General Grant and his staff. Around this a number of more temporary structures have been erected—store-houses, shops, a post-office, a photographer's, and an ambrotypist's. An enterprising speculator 73 some time ago knocked up a wooden hotel, which had been crammed ever since with sutlers, as many as fifty, as I was told, sleeping together in a room. He was then busied in extending it to double the size, and it was said that if Grant's head-quarters remained there for only three weeks longer, he would be repaid for his outlay.

I made my way on landing to the head-quarters of the Sanitary Commission, in whose service I had come as a volunteer. The head of the department was out on a tour of inspection of his various posts along the line, for Sunday was no day of rest to him, and the clerks and other officials were also out on a ramble, so that the only person left was a negro who took charge of me and shewed me to my quarters. In the course of the evening the young men returned in high glee after their Sunday holiday, having been, among other places, in Fort Hell, the hottest place in all the line, under a very severe fire. And a strange introduction it seemed to me to the life I had come to see, to hear these young men, clerks

and others, talking over their supper of what they had seen, and describing the devilish screaming of the shells over their heads with as much unconcern as if they had been returning from a peaceful Sabbath stroll.

The first thing that struck me on our arrival was the magnitude of the mail which we brought with us. The armies before Richmond, as I 74 subsequently ascertained from the number of daily rations issued, amount to about 200,000 men, but the mail seemed to me to be much larger than that of any town of a similar population. I saw it, however, under its most important aspect, inasmuch as we brought with us the Saturday's illustrated journals, immense quantities of which, and in particular, “Harper's Weekly” and “Frank Leslie's,” are distributed by local and state associations among the soldiers in camp. One of the first things I saw on landing was the soldiers of a regiment drawn up to receive their papers. And a curious sight it was to see—a tearing up of envelopes running down the ranks—a general rustle of opening leaves, and in a moment every man as if it had been a part of his drill, was down upon the ground with the same big picture open before him. Of the regular daily papers immense quantities are also distributed, and it is a curious feature of the war that the men in the field may sometimes first learn the names of the killed and wounded in their own regiment from the daily paper. For immediately after an action, the correspondents in the field send home to their respective journals as accurate a list as they can obtain of the casualties, including not only the officers, but also the rank and file.

But independently of newspapers, illustrated and otherwise, the amount of letter-writing which goes on in the camp is without parallel. It may be taken roughly that one half of the army is 75 composed of native Americans,* and of these it would be difficult to find one who cannot read and write. They have their wives, children, parents, friends, at the distance of three or four days—the postal arrangements throughout the camp are most complete, and the mail-boat runs daily to and fro. Then the correspondence even of a sentimental character must be very great if we may judge by the frequent appeals of a nature similar to the following, which I copied from a Western paper:—

* Since the above was written, the proportion of native Americans, as derived from statistics, has been returned as nearly nine-tenths.

“A correspondence with a few young ladies “is earnestly desired by a young soldier who is “anxious for improvement, and has the prospect “of a dreary winter before him. Desirous of “keeping alive the feelings of former times when “surrounded by the society of congenial spirits, “he seeks this favour.”.

I think there is something in the foregoing respectful appeal better calculated to find its way to the sympathising heart of a young lady than the more rollicking style of the following:—

“Wanted correspondence by two of Uncle Sam's “fun-loving soldiers, between the ages of nineteen “and twenty-one, wishes to correspond with an “unlimited number of young ladies of Chicago, “with a view to fun, love, and improvement.”

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Whatever “improvement” might be derived by the young ladies in question would most decidedly not extend to their grammar. Then there is a third, who, in addition to the inducements offered by the others, adds—“and may be matrimony,” which I take to be an impertinence. We may imagine what sack-fulls of silliness must pass to and fro, and yet after all, is not all this by many degrees better than the coarse brutality which is the general characteristic of camps. And be they wise or be they foolish, I cannot but think that the camp is all the better of every woman's letter that comes into it. As for the young ladies, it might seem rather a dangerous amusement, but the young ladies in America can take pretty good care of themselves.

Even among the higher officers of the Federal army the practice of expressing their opinions, and justifying their proceedings in writing is carried to an extent never before thought of. Thus we find that when a Southern lady addresses to General Devin a bitterly upbraiding letter, accompanied (why it would be difficult to say except perhaps for the sake

of giving herself an imaginary *locus standi* ), with a basket of flowers and fruit, instead of passing it by without notice, as a General of any other army would have done, he immediately sets to work to write a reply, retorting against her Confederate friends the charges of cruelty which she had brought against the Federals, and then 77 sends off the correspondence to the newspapers. I do not think that his reply was exactly such a one as a regard to the naturally excited feelings of the poor lady would have prompted in a man of cool temper and wise judgment, yet still I cannot but feel that there is something salutary in the principle which it involves of justifying military proceedings before a wider tribunal.

A greater contrast can scarcely be conceived than that between the native American and the negro soldier of the camp. The one, grave, self-reliant, and quiet, you will find, as you stroll through the camp, writing his letter, or reading his newspaper, or soberly discussing politics with his neighbour. The other, light-hearted as a child, and yet with all a child's docility too, you will find playing at marbles, or at quoits with horse-shoes as a make-shift, or else gambolling and frolicking, amid shouts and peals of laughter, in pure exuberance of spirits. All along the wharves too, where the negro labourers work, is a constant scene of jubilant uproar. Not but that they get through their work well enough, but they seem to strive to make it as like play as possible. There is no need of the “beneficent whip,” for their labour seems to be a carnival of delight. And never do their energies appear to weary or their spirits to flag, for the day closes upon the same rollicking style of working, and the same boisterous scene of merriment as that on which it opened. But put the 78 negro soldier on duty, and he is a changed animal at once. Never was a more vigilant sentinel, or one who seemed to be more deeply impressed with the sense of responsibility, as representative, even in his little sphere, of the government of the United States.

Among the curious features produced by the peculiar character of this civil war is the custom of sending home the bodies of the soldiers who fall in battle, or who die in hospital. The ghastly advertisements of the embalmers—“ Soldiers, send your dead comrades to their Northern homes,” had often come before me in the Washington papers. And here, in the rear of the hospitals, and near the grave-yard where, each with his neat little

wood tablet at his head, the dead soldiers sleep, large signs with the words, “Bodies embalmed and disinfected,” pointed out the place where their operations were carried on. The process of embalming I suppose to be essentially pretty much the same as that practised by the ancient Egyptians. The first operation is to draw off as much blood as possible from the body, which is done by an incision in the neck. Then, by means of a powerful force-pump, a liquid preparation, the ingredients of which are kept a secret, but of which the principal is supposed to be arsenic, is injected into the arteries and made to fill the whole venous system. The sooner the operation is performed after death, the more complete is the success; if delayed longer than the 79 second day, the result is very seldom satisfactory. The general appearance of the corpse after embalming does not shew very much change; the outline of the face is preserved, and even something of the expression; the colour is very considerably darkened, and in the course of years the body would very probably present very much the same appearance as that of an Egyptian mummy. The whole expense of embalming and sending home a body, including coffin and case, averages about £12. Disinfecting is a different operation, and is simply done for the purpose of enabling a body, already laid in the ground, to be taken up and removed for the purpose of being buried in another place. Frequently in the cities of the North and of the West, I saw the coffins landing from the wharves, or unloading from the waggons; I was shocked sometimes to see how they were knocked about like any other package, but no doubt the commonness of the custom has taken away the reverence. I have seen in some of our papers this desire to have the bodies of relatives brought home commented upon as a strange fancy, but to my mind the wish to look on the loved face, and to press the cold lips once more, and to lay the dead with those of his own kindred seems a very natural feeling, and I doubt not that under the same circumstances it would prevail also in this country. But with regard to the other process, that of disinfeeting, where the body has already 80 been laid in the grave and become an undistinguishable mass, there seems something rather revolting in the idea, and I do not think in point of fact, that this process is nearly so common as the other.

From the tents of the embalmers I strolled on to the lines which form an inner camp for the protection of the stores accumulated at City Point, and passed out into the works which for some twenty miles in length extend in a half circle round Petersburg. The fierce heat of the Virginian summer had given place—for it was near the end of October—to the pleasant softness of autumn, and tempted by the lovely weather and the excitement of the scene, I wandered still on and on till at length having got so far I resolved not to go home till I had seen Petersburg. So, leaving the dusty road with its endless teams of waggons and its strings of ambulances pressing forward to the front, I struck down a road to the right which appeared to lead in that direction. This road presently exchanging itself for a worse one, and that bye and bye for a worse still, it came to pass at last that I found myself threading a narrow footpath through a quiet Virginian wood.

The trees were still clad in their coats of many colours; the luxuriant under-growth still retained something of its freshness, and here and there a lingering summer flower still peeped out from its leafy covert. The noise of the dusty road 81 had died away—the drone of the labouring engine was heard no longer—not a sound was heard to break the deep stillness. How strange it seemed to me to say to myself—“I am in the lines before Petersburg,” and to realize the idea that all around two of the mightiest armies the world had ever seen lay locked in a deadly grapple. But presently I emerged from this wood, and came to another where none but the largest trees were left standing, and these all scarred and gashed and shattered by the shot, and then I began to realize the fact that every step of the ground through which I was passing had been wrested from the enemy after a deadly struggle. At length the deep booming of distant guns broke on my ear, and following up the sound I came at last to an eminence from which I could get a full view of the scene. Almost beneath me seemed to rise the spires of the beleagured city—a little to the left a Federal fort was keeping up a slow, sullen, measured fire, which at no great distance in front, a Confederate battery, indicated by the white puffs of smoke, was steadily returning gun for gun. The Federal fort was the one so well known as Fort Hell, at the point where the besieging lines approach the nearest to Petersburg, and where, either

owing to that or some other unexplained cause, a bitter feeling has always prevailed. And when by mutual understanding a truce has prevailed along all the rest of the lines, the firing here, though occasionally slackened, has never altogether ceased. H 82 The name of Fort Hell was not however derived, as might be supposed, from the hot fire of which it is the centre, but was owing to the following circumstance. It seems that a new officer coming into command, took upon him to alter the old name of the fort and to call it after himself. A general officer, coming round on his tour of inspection, caught sight of the altered name painted conspicuously on the fort, and muttering to himself in some disgust, “Fort—! Fort Hell!”—the soldiers around caught up the appropriate word, and in grim jest the place has been called Fort Hell ever since.

But it is now time for me to say something about the United States Sanitary Commission, under whose auspices I came as a volunteer to City Point. This Society affords one of the most remarkable instances of a volunteer organization working in concert with the government that the world has ever seen. Its head-quarters are in New York, and its general secretary is Mr. Olmsted, well known by his writings, and who relinquished a successful profession as an architect (it was he who laid out the Central Park at New York), in order to devote his energies to this great national work. In all the principal towns of the United States there are depots where the soldiers passing through are lodged, fed, and supplied with information on every point essential to them. At Washington there is a very important branch of 83 the institution, established for the purpose of assisting the soldiers to obtain their arrears of pay. For it often happens, owing to some cause other than the fault of the individual, that a man's name is struck off the pay roll. It may be, for instance,—that he has got sick leave, and is not well enough to return at the time specified —in such case he stands on the army list as a deserter. Then the Commission undertake the investigation of the case—they obtain all the necessary certificates—clear up all the points step by step, and give in the document when complete to the War Office, which if the case is satisfactorily made out, hands over on the man's behalf the arrears of pay. All this service is rendered without the cost of a farthing to the soldier, who, if he had to

employ one of the many agents who are always on the look-out, would be mulcted during the process of no inconsiderable part of his pay. Thus the Commission not only renders most important service to the soldiers, but also lightens to a great extent the labours of the War Department.

But the main object of the Commission is to supplement the Commissariat and the Medical Department by the issue on the field of medicines, articles of special diet, and extra clothing. There is no “circumlocution” about their proceedings—promptly and effectively all appeals are attended to. I happened to be in the depot at Washington when an officer came in from one of 84 the detached forts, where there were many sick, and a want of supplies. The questions asked were few enough.—“How many men have you sick?” “What supplies are you in want of?” “When can you have your team here?” The questions were answered—“We will have everything ready for them”—was the reply, and the business was done.

The head-quarters of the Commission with the armies before Richmond, are at City Point, but with every corps there is a flying depot which moves with it in the field, following into action in the rear. A steamer on the James plies between City Point and Butler's base of supplies at Deep Bottom, and an organized waggon train keeps up the communication with the depots attached to the various corps. The total staff of the Commission before Richmond consists of 150 men, of whom the greater part, as the teamsters, labourers, &c., are coloured. The regular pay of the coloured labourers at City Point is twenty dollars, about £2 per month with rations.

Of the officials two, viz., Mr. Fay in charge of the hospitals, and Mr. Johnstone, managing the depot on the extreme left, are gentlemen who have given their services as volunteers without reward from the very first. There is another volunteer in a more humble rank of life, whom I do not know by any other name than that familiarly bestowed upon him by the soldiers of Uncle John. A most 85 worthy individual, and one of those men we sometimes meet with so peculiarly fitted for their work, he combines with his other duties

the functions of a field missionary. His regular formula when he heard an oath uttered, which of course was no very uncommon thing in the camp, was—“ Don't swear, boys—we shall never take Richmond if you swear—God will not be on our side”—a theory at all events more conducive to morality than that which places Providence on the side of the biggest battalions.

The Commission had been in the habit of extending the same succour to the Confederate wounded as to those of their own side, and at one time they had in this place alone as many as 5,000 under their care. But the head of the establishment at City Point having, along with the doctor, been captured last summer by Stuart's cavalry, the stores he was escorting having been confiscated, and himself, along with his companion, having, notwithstanding a remonstrance signed by thirty of the Confederate surgeons, been detained a prisoner until exchanged, I very much fear that his zeal in that direction will be considerably damped for the future. The Confederates certainly used at one time to act in a different spirit, and whether there is any cause, other than a general increase of bitter feeling, to account for the change, I had no means of ascertaining.

Besides the Sanitary Commission there is another, 86 the Christian Commission, which, though of later origin, almost rivals it in the vigour and magnitude of its operations. Its original intent was to perform the same office for the chaplains of the army as that performed by the Sanitary Commission for the surgeons. But it was soon found that the most effectual way to gain admission to the hearts of the men was to minister to their physical wants, and so at present the Christian Commission occupies very much the same ground in that respect as the other—the religious element of course still maintaining its ground, and the distribution of suitable books and tracts, along with the holding of religious services throughout the camp, forming an essential feature of its proceedings. In addition to these two great voluntary associations there is also a special Commission for the German soldiers, and almost every State has moreover an agency of its own in the field.

The last thing I heard of in connection with the Sanitary Commission was a service of field coffee-pots, horsed at the rate of eight miles an hour, and each capable of supplying sixty men per minute with hot coffee. It is certainly a new feature in war to hand coffee round during the pauses of a battle. Verily we may say that since armies took the field there never was an army in all respects, physically and morally, so well cared for as is the Federal army at the present day.

Our head-quarters at City Point were in two 87 large barges on the James River, one of which served as a depot for the various stores. What did not that wonderful barge contain! One man came to ask for one thing, another man for another, and everything seemed to come out of it as from a conjuror's box. Shirts and blankets, bandages and crutches, syrups and cordials, pins and needles, pipes and tobacco, pickles and ginger, calomel and castor-oil, bay rum and condensed milk, apple-butter and Catawba grapes—it was indeed a marvellous repository. And curious it seemed to me to see, as I often did, the common soldiers going back to the front in the cars carrying with them such things as boxes of grapes for some sick and fevered comrade, or in rambling along the lines, to come upon some deserted camp, and pick up the empty tins that had contained such things as preserved peaches.

The other barge was fitted up for the accommodation of the staff employed, and for the temporary reception of soldiers on their way to and from the front. This barge was indeed like one of the hospices of olden times. All passing travellers put in a claim for shelter there, for the hotel was always crammed with sutlers. Sometimes it was a correspondent of one of the New York papers—sometimes a man come to carry home the body of a friend—sometimes a refugee escaped from the South. All were admitted, and somehow there was always room found for everybody.



By virtue of my office it became my duty to find some way of making myself useful, and so under the kind direction of Mr. Fay I undertook the department of writing home for the sick

America during and after the war. By Robert Ferguson.. http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbtn.04120

and wounded men in the hospitals; and as the Coloured Hospital was that which stood in most special need of such assistance, comparatively few of its inmates being able to write for themselves, most of my time was bestowed there, in writing home letters to wives, fathers, brothers, and occasionally, amid a good deal of giggling, to sweethearts. The general formula I found for commencing a letter to a wife was, “Give my best respects to her”—a phrase which, perhaps unwarrantably, I never could help altering to “kindest love” I did not, however, meet with any case like that related by an officer, who, writing home for one of his coloured soldiers, asked him at the conclusion whether he had anything more to add, “Nothin' more,” he said, “but jest put—‘please 'scuse this bad writin’.”

I learned a curious fact when in the hospitals, and that is that the hardiest of all troops are the men from the large towns. The sturdy lumber men of Maine, whose life is spent in the open air, cannot stand the vicissitudes of campaigning like the towns-men of Boston, and the surgeons account for it by supposing that the more varied life of the latter renders them less sensible to the changes incidental to their altered mode of life. But even when both are stricken down by sickness, the 89 townsman seems to shew the greater power of rallying—indeed the surgeons there seem to hold the theory that in proportion to the intelligence of the patient, so are the chances of his recovery. It seems as if the educated man makes a harder fight for his life than another man. The negro, though possessing wonderful powers of physical endurance, seems to have little constitutional power of rallying when in sickness. And the amazing exuberance of animal spirits which he possesses when in health seems to have exhausted all his resources, and to leave him nothing to fall back upon. Hence he very soon gives in and begins to despond, and that operates very much against the chances of recovery. For I believe that a man has more of his life in his own hand than he is aware of.

Owing to the above causes a great deal of home-sickness prevails among the coloured men in hospital. I remember one poor fellow writing home to his wife, sending messages to all his friends, and recalling all that he wanted looking after—how he bore up till he came to his dog, and then his voice began to falter, and when at last he came to his chickens he

fairly broke down altogether. It seemed an odd association, and yet I can quite fancy that the chickens wandering about before the door formed in his mind's eye the last finishing touches to the picture of a simple home.

But then presently I came to another man who 90 was recovering and beginning to regain the natural gaiety of his race: “What shall I say to her?” said I, writing home for him to his mother. “Tell her that I am a full-blooded Union soldier.” Presently, after two or three other sentences, it came again—“Tell her that I am a full-blooded Union soldier.” “I have got that down already,” I said, on which he went on with something else, some particular injunctions about his fiddle, and a message to his “girl,” whereon he blossomed into verse —

“Sure as the wine runs round the stump, You are my darling sugar lump;”

and when at last I was about concluding and asked him whether he had anything more to say before I closed the letter, it came again—“Oh yes, tell her that I am a full-blooded Union soldier.” I could not help being struck with the expression he made use of;—“blood” is the mark upon the negro, distinguished though it may be only by the taint on the finger nail, and when he wanted it to be known that he was every bit a soldier, just the same as the white man, “full-blooded” was the word that came most naturally to his use.

The strong feeling of the African race for ornament is shewn in the manner in which —sometimes not without taste—the tents of their hospital are tricked out with little decorations. 91 In almost every tent which I visited I found a pretty little case made to hold the books supplied by the indefatigable Christian Commission. Most of these were elementary reading books, and in not a few instances I found the convalescent patients gathered together in a little class under the teaching of one of their better instructed members, in whose hands we may be sure that the dignity of the schoolmaster did not suffer any diminution.

The drilling of negro troops was going on constantly at City Point, and I used always to stop for a while to look on as they were exercised, first by their white officers as a battalion, and then marched about in companies, sub-divisions, or sections, by their own coloured non-commissioned officers. They are wonderfully quick in picking up their drill, and take a great pride and pleasure in all the little points of detail which the native American is apt rather to despise. Hence they are more precise in their movements on parad; though, according to the statements of the officers with whom I have conversed, not so quick in their evolutions on the actual field, being accustomed to look for the word of command, while the greater intelligence and self-reliance of the American leads him rather to anticipate what is required to be done.

On the third day after my arrival there was great excitement at City Point, for Grant had been 92 massing on his extreme left, and had marched out in heavy force the night before, his intention being, as we supposed, to strike for the South Side Railway. The hospitals had been cleared, the ambulances ordered to the front, and a great battle was expected. All that day was one of great suspense, for it was known that fighting was going on, and yet no news had come of the result. All night too the excitement was kept up, for about midnight we were aroused by a heavy cannonading in the direction of Petersburg. It was a dark thick night, with a heavy drizzling rain, just such a one as the Confederates generally chose for their attacks. And as Grant, having massed on his left, might be supposed to have weakened his centre, we naturally judged that the enemy had taken advantage of the opportunity to attempt to break through our lines in the middle. From the top of our barge we could see the rapid working of the guns, each distinct flash lighting up the horizon just as you see the play of sheet lightning on the sky at night. Then all at once it ceased, and there came the heavy roll of distant musketry, that curious sound that seems many sounds, and yet one sound—it lasted for a short time and then all was still. The enemy, as we learned afterwards, had been feeling the lines, and had found no weak point.

Early next morning reports of the fighting began to come in, and here I was struck with 93 the liability which there is in this country of daily papers and daily mails, for false or exaggerated accounts to be set afloat. We had with us a correspondent of one of the principal New York papers, and I can answer for him that his sole anxiety was to send home the truth. Hovering about to get information before the mail-boat sailed, he had just time, as an account, apparently trust-worthy, came up, to write in pencil on the wharf —“Union victory—900 prisoners taken.” The same day at noon as I was returning from the hospitals, I met the first string of wounded—the more slightly injured who were able to walk—coming up from the train. “What news from the front?” I asked of one of them. “Whipped!”—he jerked out, laconically, and almost savagely. And sure enough, when I arrived at City Point, I found the new version spread all over the place, and the former elation succeeded by an equal depression. And in in particular, my friend of the New York paper, who had sent home the account of success, was in a very disagreeable state of mind at the idea of having, however innocently, assisted in circulating false reports. In the course of the evening, however, the true state of the case gradually oozed out: both of the previous accounts had been founded upon truth; in one place the Federals had met with some success, and had taken 900 prisoners; in another a corps had been led into something like an ambuscade, and had suffered rather severely. 94 And the whole affair was simply described in Grant's despatches as “a reconnoissance in force.”

The next morning, on going out, I found the prisoners waiting to be told off previously to being despatched in the steamer to the North. They were seated on the ground, and around them were gathered groups of the Federal soldiers, between whom and themselves no unfriendly feeling appeared to prevail, as they conversed together on various subjects. In two or three places an animated political discussion was going on, in which some civilians joined. “The ignorance of these men is something incredible,” said one of the latter to me as he walked away, having, as I thought, got decidedly the worse of the argument. Not that the subject was one of much consequence, being whether or not the draft had been resisted in North Carolina,—a point upon which the Southerners, who

were most of them men from that State, were certainly better authorities than the Northern newspapers.

There was another point of discussion raised, too, which I think the Union men ought gracefully to have yielded. “You must admit that we have made a good fight of it,” said one of the prisoners. No, the others did not admit that, or at any rate wanted to have an argument over it. “We never can get at you; you always fight behind entrenchments;” was the reply. “Yes; but that is because you are two to our 95 one,” said the Southerner; and then that point being disputed, led into another discussion.

The negro soldiers were gathered round too; they had only one question to ask, but it was a very important one. And they pressed it with an earnestness which shewed a stern resolve that whatever measure was meted out to them should be measured out again. “What do you do with us when you make prisoners of us; do you give us quarter or not?” was what they wanted to know. They were assured, in reply, that quarter was given them; and I dare say truly, for the day had even then gone by when the massacre of Fort Pillow could be repeated.

The Confederate prisoners had anything but a military appearance, their dress consisting of a dirt-coloured jacket and trousers, with a blanket, or in some cases an old quilt, slung over their shoulders: Mr. Sala thinks, in addition, but is not quite certain, a shirt. Well, I think *not.* The only ones, in fact, who looked like soldiers, were a few who were dressed in the blue uniform of their slain enemies. Neither was their bearing like that of soldiers; there was none of the stiff mechanical movement which is the result of drills—they moved with a free, unconstrained gait that reminded me rather of brigands as we picture them. Yet they were on the whole a fine-looking set of men, and among them were a few of the most magnificent fellows I ever saw. 96 Nor was there wanting an element of the picturesque in their appearance—not the picturesque of flowing robes or of bright colours—for they all looked as if they had been rolled in Virginian mud—but the picturesque that is suggested by a look of marching and camping and devil-maycare fighting. Their bearing, too, under

the circumstances, was manly, and, upon the whole, the impression which they made upon me was rather a favourable one.

On the right, too, Butler had been feeling the Confederate position, and from that quarter also came rumours of Federal reverses. And so the energetic head of the Sanitary Commission, not knowing the extent of the mischief, hastily threw into his steamer stores suitable to the emergency, and, taking me with him, passed up the James to Butler's base of supplies at Deep Bottom. There we found two steamers lying together at the landing—a striking contrast they presented. The one was waiting to carry away the wounded men; the ambulances were standing on the shore, or winding slowly over the hill from the front; and the poor fellows were being carried carefully on board in litters. The other brought reinforcements of negro troops. “Fighting going on here?” asked their commanding officer, a fine young fellow with a fair New England face that lighted up with gleeful anticipation as he leaped, the first man, on shore. And 97 then his men came tumbling out, as it were, after him with an alacrity which showed that they had a leader whom they would follow wherever he went.

The negro regiments have this great advantage that they have perhaps the greatest number of true gentlemen among their officers. There was a prejudice at first; it was not known how the negro would fight; and altogether the service was considered somewhat low. But then stepped out some of the best men in America,—not for the love of fighting—not for the sake of distinction—but with the determination that this great opportunity should not pass away without the negro having a fair chance of proving himself a man. Such a one was the late Colonel Shaw, a young man of one of the best New England families, of refined tastes and cultivated intellect, of whom an interesting account, written by Mrs. Gaskell, will be found in one of the numbers of “Macmillan's Magazine.” He fell at Charleston, and his body was found covered with a heap of his negro soldiers, who had died to protect it. When the Confederates were applied to for his body, the sneering answer was sent back, “We have buried him with his niggers.” “Let him lie in that grave,” was the answer of his venerable father, when, after the capture of the fort by the Northern

forces, he was asked if he wished to have the body of his son restored to him. I 98 On which side was the “chivalry” there? Said the son of an English nobleman before a popular assembly at Manchester, amid the enthusiastic cheers of his audience, “I should have been proud of such a grave as that.” The sentiment of Mr. Lyulph Stanley was one worthy of England in her best days; and I cannot but think that Robert Gould Shaw, rather than Stonewall Jackson, will be the hero of the future. These men did not die in vain;—the service is not thought low now.

The opinion which I found generally to prevail at City Point as to Butler's military capacity is, I think, borne out by the subsequent events of the Wilmington expedition. Though universally acknowledged to be a man of remarkable administrative ability, and one who cannot fail to leave his mark on the times, it was generally considered that in aspiring to military honours he had mistaken his vocation; and, moreover, the tendency towards undue interference, which was so conspicuously unfortunate on that occasion, seemed to be in accordance with the character generally given him there. In fact, Butler was thought to have a good deal of what is described by no other word so well as “bumptiousness.”

The time has not yet fully come when a just and fair estimate is to be made of Butler's general character. Seldom has any man been more unfairly treated than Butler was by a great part of the press of this country in reference to his well-known 99 order respecting the women of New Orleans. When that order was in the first instance misapprehended, the feeling of indignation which it awakened was natural enough. But when it became known that it was simply a case of bad taste under circumstances of great provocation, still the adverse journals, finding they had started such a good cry, had not the fairness to give it up. It must surely be admitted that the least which can be expected from the people of a captured place, in return for immunity and protection, is that they should abstain from insulting their captors. It was not so with the women of New Orleans. They studied every possible mode of annoying and insulting the Federal soldiers, sometimes by contemptuous gestures, sometimes by more filthy insults. When the funeral of a Federal officer was proceeding through the street, a Southern woman came out on her balcony laughing

conspicuously and derisively as it passed. This sort of thing was rather more than flesh and blood could stand, and Butler accordingly issued an order, which, though in substance perhaps not more harsh than was justified by the circumstances, was couched in terms which were, and were perhaps meant to be, offensive. In doing so he acted with very bad taste, but surely a case of verbal bad taste, in the excitement of civil war, and under circumstances of strong provocation, was not sufficient to justify the storm of execration which was hurled against 100 Butler. And I do not think that the public feeling of the North, even under all the bitterness of civil war, would have tolerated in one of their generals, any marked violation of that respect towards the sex which the extremest of partisans will scarcely deny to be one of their distinguishing characteristics. Nevertheless there is no doubt that Butler is more hated throughout the South than any other Northern general, and it must be left to the future to decide whether and to what extent there is just cause for it. Only I remember one particular case which to my mind throws some general light upon the nature of the feeling against him. In a letter in the “Times,” written by a lady of New Orleans immediately after the Federal occupation, among other bitter complaints was the following—“Butler has taken away all arms from us and put arms into the hands of our negro slaves, and we are in momentary dread of assassination.” A day or two afterwards, among other items of Northern news, I read the following. “Butler has organised an efficient negro police at New Orleans.” So much for two ways of stating the same thing. At any rate, whatever faults the historian of the future may have to allege against Butler, it will always be remembered in his favour that no man has done more than he to make the status of the negro as a soldier respected.

The distance from City Point to the extreme left of the Federal lines, something more than 101 twenty miles, is traversed by the United States Military Railway, upon which the trains were running all day, and often all night. At the head-quarters of each division there is a station; at the places where it comes within range of the Confederate shells the line is protected by an embankment.

Of all railways defend me from the United States Military Railway—of all despots defend me from its conductor. It professes to take passengers, and it issues a regular time-table. But it stops at no particular place to take passengers up; they must scramble up as best they can, lending each other a friendly hand, while the train is taking in its freight of stores; if they can get into a covered truck they may be thankful; if not, they must be content to mount on the top of a load of hay. And only a short time before, the sparks from the engine having set fire to a truck of hay immediately behind it, some of the poor fellows, who had in vain remonstrated against been made to get into such a dangerous situation, were burned to death. The only manner in which the presence of passengers is recognised is by the military guard coming round and turning out any one whose pass is not in order.

I obtained leave to go down to the head-quarters of Warren's division on the extreme left, with the view of spending a day or two at the depot of the Sanitary Commission there, in the more immediate 102 presence of the enemy. I accordingly took the train to that station, and found my way to the head-quarters of the Commission in a tent adjoining the hospital. On presenting myself to the Superintendent of that station, a gentleman of position, who was giving his time as a volunteer without fee or reward, he regarded me somewhat sternly, and proceeded to question me as to who I was and what I wanted. Now I thought this rather hard, as he had seen me on different occasions at City Point, and I imagined he knew who I was well enough. However, I told my story—“English traveller taking a deep interest in the great events passing on this side the Atlantic—anxious in particular to see the working of the Sanitary Commission—kindly permitted by the heads of the establishment at New York to come down for a short time as a volunteer—glad to make myself of use in any way I could, &c.” He heard me to the end with the most provoking calmness—waited to hear if I had anything more to say, and then, without taking his eyes off the letter he was reading, said—“Humph!” That was all he said, but it expressed its meaning just as well as does a Frenchman's shrug. It said—“I know thee, the humbug and hypocrisy of thy heart—the story of those ten sanitary cheeses does not take me in a bit—for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle. And what do

our people at New York mean by letting us be bothered in this way?" I 103 could not help feeling the highest respect for this old gentleman, who, at an age when most men at home are coddling themselves in comfort, toddling to their club, and predicting the "collapse of democracy" over a bottle of old port, was working like a horse, living the rough life of the camp, marching with the army, and enduring its hardships without sharing its glories. And as he worked hard himself, so he expected everybody else to work hard too; and if there was one thing more than another that his soul abhorred, it was make-believe volunteering in the Sanitary Commission. I could excuse him for not being aware how very different my case was to that of the other people whom he had in his mind's eye, and for not being able to conceive that his people at New York, in sending the "intelligent stranger" down to the front, took perhaps, after all, a broader view of the matter than he did. But one of my weak points—a very unfortunate one for a traveller—is that I cannot stand the cold shoulder; and so when, after a pause, he said, not over graciously, "Well, I suppose we must try to make room for you," I replied that I was much obliged to him, but that I had no intention of troubling them, as I intended to go back to City Point that night. "Oh," said he, much relieved, "but won't you stay and have some supper?" glancing at the coffee, and bread and treacle which was being 104 prepared for their evening meal. But of course, after the sacrifice I had already made, I was not going to make any such weak compromise; and so I turned away to amuse myself by strolling about the camp till the time should come for the last train to leave for City Point.

I got into a truck along with a number of soldiers, and we waited patiently for the train to start. Presently a man, casually passing by, looked in upon us and gave us the disagreeable information that he had overheard the conductor declare that he would not take any passengers that trip. Still, I could hardly believe that he would so far take upon him as to depart from a published time-table; yet so it was, for, after shunting about for a little time, he fairly went off, and left us in the lurch. After debating with myself whether to spend the night on the hard boards of the truck, or to endeavour to make my way to the tent of the Sanitary Commission—where, of course, I had, as a member, the right to

claim a night's lodging—I decided upon the latter. It is not an easy matter to find your way about a camp, even in daylight. Even such a thing as the situation of a hospital or the whereabouts of a corps is not always easily ascertained, for, as a general rule, the men you meet know nothing more than just to find the way to their own places. I speak of the white soldiers; for the advice given to me, and the soundness of which 105 was confirmed by my own experience, was always to enquire my way about camp from a negro. The reason I take to be that the mind of the negro, being less occupied with other matters, as newspapers and letter-writing, is left more free to fix itself upon external objects. But then the difficulty is that you cannot always find a negro to ask your way from; and so, after floundering about in the dark for a couple of hours—first directed in one way and then in another—stumbling over tent-ropes, and running the gauntlet of ill-tempered mules—I found at last that I had made a complete circuit, and was once more in sight of the red light of the railway whence I had started. And not sorry was I to get once more into the truck, where I had at least a cover over-head.

The sight of the camp at night is rather striking—the whole space within the lines being marked out by the camp-fires, while from the darkness beyond the incessant pattering of rifles tells where the picquets are engaged in their usual nightly warfare. And as all other sounds gradually die away in the slumbering camp, louder and more distinct it comes up —now the sharp crack close at hand—now the faint distant report—from all along the lines. “Not much harm done,” said one of the soldiers in the van, as I called attention to the sounds, “I guess there will not be half-a-dozen of our boys hit all along the lines.” Ah but, somewhere in some calm New England village, or in 106 some far Western farm, there is one to whom all the great battles of the wax will be as nothing to the news of this quiet, cruel, night! This nightly picquet firing was introduced by the Confederates in order to prevent their men from deserting under the cover of the darkness. For though, as I read in one of the Richmond papers, they claim an equal number of deserters from the Federal lines, yet they confess that they are less able to spare the men. Notwithstanding the noise of the musketry and the hardness of the boards, I was fast lapsing into a state

of unconsciousness, when I was roused by a sudden jolt, and found on waking up that the conductor had returned from his trip, and after all was about to take us to City Point, where we arrived soon after midnight.

Though there was always a firing more or less sharp between the picquets at night, yet at that time peace reigned during the day all along the lines, and I could wander about at will without question and without danger till I came near the place where I had been on the first day, and then the same dull regular boom of heavy guns broke on my ear. The men in the forts were sitting about smoking or reading their newspapers—only in one little corner a few graves, each with its simple wooden tablet at its head, shewed that it had not been always so peaceful. Very different to the loose rambling fire of the night was, while it lasted, the musketry firing along the lines during 107 the day. Some of the men had telescopic sights on their rifles by which they could discern the eyes of the men opposed to them at 400 yards. Whenever a hostile embrasure was seen to be darkened, it was the signal for the opposite marksmen, and not seldom did it happen that a man standing for a second at one of those dangerous openings to see the effect of his shot, (which by the way is in accordance with the Hythe rule) received in that instant a ball through the head.

The following gives us a curious idea of the cool, business-like, manner in which, without any apparent ill-feeling, the contest is carried on when men have been opposite to each other for a long time and the first excitement has died away. There had been in one place a sharp firing between the picquets all the morning. At noon one of the Federals hoists a white handkerchief on the point of his bayonet, and the firing ceases that they might know what was the matter, “Don't you intend to stop for dinner? we're getting hungry down here.” The Confederates are quite agreeable and the firing ceases. Dinner over, one of the Confederates gets up and calls out, “Are you all ready?” “All ready—fire away,” is the answer, and immediately the firing is resumed as briskly as ever.

Nor were the men in the picquet lines at all averse to playing practical jokes upon each other. A favourite one I heard of was to cut little holes in a bullet and to fill them with damp

powder, 108 which igniting when the piece was fired, gave the appearance of a signal rocket, and naturally threw the opposite lines into a state of no little excitement until they became accustomed to the trick.

The intermingling of the men of the two armies for the purpose of barber, which at one time had been so common, had, at the period of my visit been put a stop to, owing, I believe, to an apprehension on the Confederate side that it might lead to desertion. But in one place opposite Petersburg I found that an ingenious plan had been devised for overcoming the difficulty by means of a sagacious Newfoundland dog belonging to one of the Confederates, which used regularly to go to and fro between the lines, carrying out tobacco from the Rebels, and bringing back coffee from the Federals.

Several of the regiments were already armed with the Spencer seven-shooting rifle, a weapon before which, in the hands of steady troops, nothing can stand, but which, from the temptation it affords to men to throw away their fire, would, I apprehend, be dangerous in the hands of any but thoroughly trained soldiers. It was stated that they were to be served out to the whole army as fast as they could be supplied.

The proportion of native Americans in the Federal armies has been generally estimated at about one-half, taking the rank and file* —among the officers and non-commissioned officers it is

* See note p. 75.

109 considerably more, probably about three-fourths. But it is not fair to class the Irish and Germans in the service of the Federal Government as mercenaries in the same sense as the Hessians engaged by George the Third during the American War of Independence. They are, with few exceptions, men who have come out to settle in America; many of them would have come out, war or no war, and in a short time they will all have become naturalised Americans. The only real mercenaries are the Canadians, the number of whom I then heard estimated at 30,000, and have since seen in one of the Canadian papers

estimated at 43,000. These are the men who, caring for nothing but the bounty, have been generally ready to desert whenever they had an opportunity. Of this weak point the Confederates have not been slow to avail themselves, by making arrangements to enable the deserters to make their way back to Canada, whence one of them had the impudence to write to the man who had hired him as his substitute, announcing his safe arrival, and informing him that he was about to set up a shop with the bounty money which he had received.

But notwithstanding the great mixture in the composition of the Federal army, the American seems to have the power of impressing in a remarkable degree something of his own character upon his associates,. You cannot go through the camp and say —“There is the sedate Yankee— 110 there the rollicking Irishman”—all seem subdued together into the same grave good behaviour. I found indeed, in going about among the soldiers, more civility of manner than one generally meets with in America, though perhaps it might be accounted for by supposing that any civilian not having the appearance of a sutler, might be taken to belong to one of the Commissions to which the men have such strong reasons for feeling grateful. But independently of that, I cannot but think that the discipline and subordination of the camp is calculated to have a salutary effect upon the mind of the average American. A striking feature of the American soldier is his helpfulness—it was shewn in the ingenious manner in which many of the men were fettling up, with such materials as were at hand, their quarters to prepare for the winter. It is shewn too very strikingly in the way in which whenever encamped, if even for a night, in the vicinity of an enemy, they always contrive to throw up some sort of defence. I do not refer to the earthworks or abattis constructed by superior orders, but to the voluntary and impromptu task which the men take upon themselves before resting for the night, of securing themselves, so far as the means at their disposal will admit, from a surprise by the enemy.

How striking did it seem to me, as I went to and fro through this well-ordered camp, and saw an army unsurpassed in discipline and spirit, 111 thoroughly organised in all its

departments, complete in all its appointments, to look back upon what the North has done within the last four years. When first the storm burst upon her, it found her totally unprepared. Her traitorous ministers, acting in the interest of the South, had stripped her treasury of money, taken possession of her arms and sent away her ships to distant stations. Her population were unused to arms, and the profession of a soldier was looked upon with dislike. The Southern population on the other hand had always been used to carry arms, and noted for a fatal facility in the use of them Though the North got her proportion of the men trained at the national military academy at West Point, who were available for the higher class of officers; yet—having no minor military schools like those existing in the Southern States—in company officers she was in comparison wofully deficient. The North, by her dogged perseverance, gradually worked up her armies into a state of discipline and efficiency. Then she found that she wanted cavalry to cope with that of the South, and she set about to make cavalry. The South was a land of dashing horsemen,—in the North riding was an uncommon accomplishment, but bye-and-bye the Federal cavalry drove the others out of the field. The North had made armies, but generals she had to find out, She blundered on, trying and casting aside,—first this man, then that; but she found 112 the right men at last, and when found she trusted them. Then the scene changed. Before the “grey, watchful eyes” of Grant the brilliant strokes of genius by which Lee had hitherto atoned for the inferiority of his forces were no longer safe. Slowly and surely the North was strengthening her hold and tightening her grip, and the end was drawing nearer and nearer. Yet it came unexpectedly at last. It was not by the gradual succumbing of the exhausted South before overwhelming odds; it was by a series of masterly successes on the part of the Federal generals. The South would have yielded at any rate, because she was over-matched; she yielded when she did because she was out-generalled. And the North, which began by being the laughing-stock of every newspaper strategist, ended by giving lessons to all the military critics of Europe.

There was open to the South only one way of recruiting her forces, and that was by the arming and consequent freeing of her slaves. It might have saved her if they would have

fought for her; for the conscience of the North, guided by New England, would hardly have allowed her to continue the war simply for re-union. But there is not the slightest reason for supposing that they would have fought for her. “We cannot expect them,” says Governor Brown, of Georgia, “to perform deeds of heroism when fighting for the enslavement of their wives and children; and 113 it is not reasonable to demand it of them.” The negroes have, in fact, throughout the war, adopted the wisest course they could possibly have done. They have not risen against their masters, as some of the pro-Southern journals prophesied they would do on Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. They have remained quiet, and waited their time. But wherever the Northern armies have penetrated, the negroes have invariably hailed them as friends and deliverers, and have given them every possible information and assistance. If the South then had armed her slaves, as some of her allies in this country blame her for not doing, she would but have hastened the catastrophe. As it is, she has at least acted with consistency, and fallen with dignity; and it is still left to any of her admirers to believe, if they like, that the slaves would have fought for their masters. K

## CHAPTER VIII. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

On my return from the Front to Washington I naturally felt a desire to see the man on whom the American people have, in this great crisis of their history, bestowed their confidence in so remarkable a degree. And accordingly, in company with a clergyman whom I had met at City Point, I repaired to the White House, where, having ascertained at what hour the President would throw open his doors, we amused ourselves in the meantime by wandering about the public rooms, which, though tolerably spacious, are very plainly furnished, and sadly in want of new carpets. At one o'clock the door of his private room was thrown open, and all the people who had been waiting to see him, flocked in and arranged themselves on seats around the room. We found the President of the United States seated at his desk, in a plain room, which might have done for the office of a merchant or of a solicitor. According to American rule the ladies were first presented, and preferred their various requests, to most of which, generally asking for

some unreasonable favour on behalf of a husband or a son, the President made answer, “Can't do 115 it, madam *can't* do it;” and, as the petitioner went on to urge her claim with all the fervour of female eloquence, added—“and you will not talk me into it.” With one of these cases I was rather struck. It was that of a widow lady who had one son already in the public service at Washington, and wanted to get a place for another. She stated her claims, enumerating the services of the family, the number of sons, brothers, and other relatives who had died fighting, or were still living to fight, for the republic. The expense of living at Washington, where everything was, as she said, “three prices,” was one of her arguments. She had already applied to the head of the department, whose answer was that he thought she had already got her share. The President at first was disposed to be of the same opinion, but ended in making a memorandum of the case. It seemed so very curious to hear all these matters, which are done so differently with us—whether better may be a matter of opinion—thus discussed in public. Then there came a man who wanted to be allowed to go in some capacity or other to City Point, for which he had not obtained the sanction of the Commander-in-chief. “Sir,” said the President, “if my own father, or my own brother, or if General Washington himself, wanted to go to City Point, and General Grant didn't want to have him, he shouldn't go.“Next came a lad with a story of having been hired to bring some horses 116 from New York, and of his employer having given him the slip and left him without funds in the streets of Washington. “What do you want me to do?” asked the President. “I want you to send me home.” “I have no fund which I can apply to such a purpose.” I don't know what to do,” whined the lad. “I'll tell you what I would have done when I was a young fellow like you,” replied Lincoln; “I would have worked my own way back.” Then came a man from the President's own State, with a design for a new bank note. “It's not,” he explained, “like the landing of Columbus in America, or anything of that sort; no, sir, it's something that everybody can understand.” What it was I don't know, but the President pronounced it to be “very pretty.” “Wall, I guess,” said the designer, “the thing will have to stand over for a few days till we see”—“Whether I get a new lease or not,” said the President, finishing the sentence. At this last sally of Lincoln's everybody laughed, and the man sitting next to me observed that

“the President was in great force to-day.” In the middle of the proceedings a friend came in to give him some favourable news concerning the approaching election, whereat Lincoln expressed his satisfaction in a frank and guileless manner which it did one good to see. The next man had no favour to ask; he came, a bronzed and battered soldier in his faded uniform, simply to shake hands with the 117 President before going home at the end of his three years' service. The President shook hands with him cordially enough, but he did not improve the occasion as Louis Napoleon would have done. He is not a master of the small graces, and had not any of those pretty phrases at hand which seemed so natural for the occasion. Pretty phrases are not the rule in America, and all he did was to ask him what regiment he belonged to. In the meantime a young couple, who, as it seemed, had no other object than to add the President to the other sights of their honeymoon, had been accommodated by the master of the ceremonies with chairs in a place where they could get a full view, had taken a good stare, and silently gone away. When they had all left, my friend first introduced himself, and then, being thus duly qualified, introduced me. The President rose,—I do not flatter myself in honour to us, but to let us see that he did not want to be kept long talking. In so doing he displayed his immense height, and gaunt, ungainly figure, which had not been conspicuous so long as he remained sitting. He shook hands, not with the vice-like grasp of which I had read—probably by this time he has learnt to husband his resources—but rather in a promiscuous manner, as when one shakes up a bottle. A few questions as to what we had seen in the camp, and remark from the President that Grant was “a very determined” little fellow,” finished the audience.

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There is nothing in Lincoln to give you the impression that you are in the presence of a remarkable man; all that he says bears rather the stamp of common-place good sense. And yet it may be doubted if Massachusetts, with all her brilliant thinkers and scholarly politicians, could have sent up a man better able to cope with the dangers and difficulties of the times than the hardheaded, cool-tempered lawyer of the West. Of the sort of training required for a Western lawyer we may form some idea from the following advertisement

which I copied from a paper of the President's own State of Illinois:—“A smart, active young lawyer can find employment by calling at 110, Adams Street. Those who play billiards, chew tobacco, smoke, and cannot get up in the morning, need not apply.” Perhaps some of our English lawyers might think these rather hard lines, but that was the discipline of the school in which the President of the United States was drilled. And that was the finishing school too; the preparatory school was rougher and harder still.

And yet there is about the man something, after all, of native breeding,—not the breeding which is indicated by small hands and gracious manners, but the higher breeding which makes a man do a kind thing in a delicate way. What a flutter of scorn agitated the petty gentilities of Washington when Abraham Lincoln, with his uncourtly manners and his homely ways, walked into 119 the White House! What a quiver of spite among the followers of the old regime when, in the old slave district of Columbia, they saw the Head of the American people take a black man by the hand! Not in toleration—not in condescension, the man knew no such word—but in frank and equal kindness. And now when he is gone—for even while I write these lines comes the terrible news of his death by the hand of an assassin—they will see the great and noble of two worlds bowed in reverent sorrow at his grave.

The only time I heard him speak in public was on the occasion of a torch-light procession in honour of Sheridan's victories in the Shenandoah valley, and was certainly by no means calculated to give a high impression of his humour. He came out on the balcony of the White House and made a short address, the principal point of which was that “it was fortunate for the Secessionists that Sheridan was a little man—if he had been a big man, there is no saying what he would have done with them.” But Lincoln had the gift of putting a thing often in the way to shrewdly hit the humour of his countrymen. When he described the emancipation of Maryland as a “big thing,” he uttered a phrase that would sink into the public mind more deeply perhaps than all the eloquence of Wendell Phillips. When, in reference to his own re-election he urged his claim by the homely argument that “it is not the time to swop horses 120 when you are crossing a stream,” he sent a truth home to

the minds of his countrymen more forcibly than he could have done by a flood of rhetoric. But Lincoln, as Goldwin Smith has shewn in an appreciative sketch of his character in “Macmillan's Magazine,” was capable of rising with the occasion to a higher strain. And I remember seeing a letter of his written to a mother who had lost five sons fighting for the Republic—and it is not an easy matter to write a letter to a woman who has lost five sons —which for feeling and good taste would not be easily surpassed.

As to the charges of arbitrary proceedings which have been made against Lincoln in the exercise of his functions as Head of the Executive, I do not apprehend that history will pronounce his stretches of power to have been greater than the exigency demanded. The talk of the Americans “drifting into despotism” is mere drivel—they are an eminently practical people, who will submit to whatever the safety of the State demands—and nothing beyond it. But on the whole the rule of Lincoln has been one of great mildness; for not-withstanding many instances of treason—and in all countries treason has been held to be the highest of crimes—the punishment of death has never in one single instance been inflicted for a political offence. Even in cases of military treason—as for instance, desertion to the enemy—the natural mildness of his disposition often led him to commute 121 the extreme punishment recorded. And I have sometimes seen in the American papers these acts of mercy commented on as unusual and unwise, which as regards the first, they certainly were. He is gone, with his quaint humour, his brave, honest heart, and his shrewd sense. May the tears which the two nations mingle over his untimely grave leave no more room for anger in their hearts!

We went to visit Arlington Heights, distant but a few miles from Washington, where Lee resided prior to the rebellion. It is situated amid prettily wooded grounds resembling very much those of an English country house, but the residence itself, like most of the houses of the Southerners, has rather a rough and unfinished appearance. Some drawings, not by the way of any particular merit, said to be the work of Lee himself in his younger days, were still hanging upon the walls. They were pointed out to us with a certain amount of reverence, for Lee and Jackson, the men who went into secession reluctantly, almost

sorrowfully, are generally spoken of in the North with respect. We had an interesting interview with some of the slaves of his household, whom he left behind him when he joined the Southern army. Of Mrs. Lee and of the daughters of the house they all spoke in terms of strong affection—they told us in particular of the pains which the young ladies had taken to teach them to read; of Lee himself they seemed to have 122 neither good nor bad to say; he was considered strict they told us—it was not said that he was cruel.

From this place we went on to Freedmans' Village, where there axe about 1,500 escaped slaves, men, women, and children, encamped in wooden huts under the care of the United States Government. We visited the sewing school, where by hand and by machine some two hundred women were employed in making clothes for the others. Thence to the school, where three hundred merry and mischievous-looking children, of all shades of blackness, were receiving instruction. The master, who was from New England, told us that they were the sharpest children in taking up instruction that he had ever had to do with —at the same time, from their propensity to fun and mischief, the most troublesome to look after. From this place they are sent out as servants, or as apprentices to various trades, the articles of agreement providing that they shall be instructed in reading and writing, and also that in the termination of the apprenticeship they shall be furnished with five dollars and two suits of clothing. My friend was anxious to take one of the negro children to bring up as a servant, and made many preliminary enquiries, but did not complete the negociation, there being, I apprehend, somebody at home who had a right to be consulted.

## CHAPTER IX. THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT.

The time was now drawing on when the great civil contest which was to decide whether Lincoln was to “get a new lease or not,” and which had kept the North in a fever of excitement during the whole period of my visit, was to be brought to an issue. The two parties were arrayed against each other as before: neither party were prepared to surrender the Union; for though among the ranks of the Democrats were no doubt some ready to do so, yet they were felt to be a source of weakness, and were disavowed by

the party. The war-cry then of the Democrats was, “The Union as it was;” while that of the Republicans was, “The Union with freedom.”

On which of these two sides was the intelligence of the country? I answer unhesitatingly, without doing injustice to individual members of the other party, on that of the Republicans. “If there had not been universal suffrage,” wrote the “Times,” “Lincoln would never have been elected.” Possibly not in the first instance, for he was not the man whom the intellect of the nation would have selected. But when the instinct of the people had called him out, and he had been tried, the 124 intellect of the country *was* ranged on the side of his re-election. And I undertake to say that the higher you go in the scale of intelligence, the more unanimously in the late contest will you find the vote given for Lincoln. And in the very centres of intelligence—as I take the universities to be—you will find the most compact vote of all. And though it is often stated that the educated classes in America refuse to take part in politics, yet on this occasion at least they did put forth all their strength. On the other hand, if you want to find the most compact vote given for M'Lellan, you will find it among the class which, out of all America, is unquestionably the lowest in the social and intellectual scale, and that is the floating and unassimilated Irish. This is the class which is noted for its bitter hatred to the negro, with reference to which I remember an amusing caricature which I saw in an American periodical. Scene—The interior of a railway car. A tidy, neatly dressed, and, to make the thing more striking still, nice-looking coloured woman occupies the one-half of a seat. Enter an Irishman, in the very lowest depths of seediness. “There's room there, sir,” says the conductor, pointing to the unoccupied place. “Faith, thin, and do yez think I'm goin' to demane myself by sittin' beside a dhirty naygur.” I will give another instance; the thing is trifling in itself, but it serves to illustrate the popular feeling on the subject among 125 Americans. The day after the election I was in the cars on the way to Cincinnati. Among the passengers was a Republican who apparently had not yet recovered from the excitement of the previous day, —an excitement which, he was careful to inform his fellow-passengers, was due solely to patriotism, but of which I could not help thinking that at least a good half was whisky. But

what I want to note is, that all the burden of his song of triumph was that “the Americans had whipped the Irish.”

Under circumstances of discomfort already detailed, I came from Washington to Philadelphia to be present at the Presidential election. How striking it was, after all the excitement of the preparations, to go out into the streets on that morning, and witness the quiet and order with which the election itself was conducted. For the thorough sub-division of the city into small districts, and the number of polling-places, prevented a great concourse in any particular place, and all that was to be seen was a little group here and a little group there, and wherever you went it was the same, of voters round a window. Inside sat the presiding officer with the ballot-box, and the two agents, one from each party, to see fairplay. On either side of the window in the street each of the two parties had also its representative—in all cases, as I was informed, an unpaid volunteer—ready to challenge any of the opposite voters 126 as they came up. For the battle is not fought as with us, in the Registration Courts; the suffrage being a manhood one, the grounds of objection are brought into such small compass that everything can be decided on the spot. The voting-paper is placed on the outside of the ballot-box; if no objection is raised, it goes on; if objected to, the voter must prove his claim then and there; or if he has not the necessary documents at hand, take away his paper and come again. The chief grounds, of objection are two—non-naturalization, and nonpayment of the public taxes. In the one case he must produce his naturalization papers, and in the other his receipts for taxes paid —if he fail to do either his vote cannot be received.

My own idea is, that secret voting is inconsistent with a high state of political spirit; and in America, where unquestionably a high state of political spirit prevails, I take. the vote, so far as I have had the means of judging, to be practically an open one. Still the real question is whether—the many whose pride it is to wear their opinions on their front not being debarred from doing so—the individual who wishes to give his vote in secret can do so likewise for then it may be said that the ballot works well. It is not so at least in Philadelphia, for, as I was informed, the two lists being printed by different printers,

presented little points of difference by which the experienced eye could tell what the vote was simply from its external appearance. So 127 that the agents of the respective parties, even, if not informed already—which, I take it, in almost every case they are—of the opinions of any particular person, can tell at once whether to challenge him or not the moment they see his paper. This cf course is a point of detail which could easily be rectified if its existence were considered to be an evil. But as a general rule in America, I am inclined to think that for a man to give a secret vote would be attended with as much unpleasantness as he could possibly have by giving an open one. And I fear that it is difficult satisfactorily to combine protection to the individual with a high state of political feeling among the many.

The excitement increased as the day wore on, and at night a vast crowd was gathered round the Republican head-quarters in Chestnut Street. A huge transparency, emblematic of the emancipation of Maryland, covered the front of the building. It was indeed a big picture of what Lincoln truly called a “big thing.” Not only in itself, but in the example which it set to the other Border Slave States. Missouri was the next to follow, and surely never nobler message was flashed along the electric wires than that in which the Governor of Massachusetts congratulated the Governor of Missouri on the evening of that day. “Massachusetts salutes Missouri with grateful joy, commending her to the highest rewards of happiness and honour as a commonwealth of freemen”

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Then the great crowd struck up the quaint strain of the John Brown hymn—

“John Brown's body''s mouldering in the grave, But his soul's marching on to freedom.”

Doggrel enough it is: we don't need the “Saturday Review” to tell us that; but were it ten times the doggrel that it is, I think there is something in it at which an Englishman should not dare to sneer. How thrice mad seemed the act when John Brown, with a text of scripture and a handful of men, rushed against the constitution and the laws! But

sometimes in the affairs of men there comes a time when all the wisdom of philosophers, and all the craft of statesmen, serve but to bring things to a dead lock. Then there rises up some man who believes in God and nothing else—a madman we call him—and strikes the blow that makes the future. If the South had had any magnanimity, they would have spared that noble madman. But the South was in a horrible fright; and men in a horrible fright have no magnanimity—and no mercy—and no wisdom. They hanged John Brown: they would have hanged him seven times if they could. Different States contended for the privilege of supplying the hemp; a Southern woman craved the honour of being the executioner. In all that dark picture there stands out but one bright figure—the daughter of the Governor of Virginia begging the old man's life upon her knees. Who can say but that if that girl's prayer had been answered, it might 129 have staved off five years of bloody war! But he died not before his work was done, and in the days to come—whenever the story of these great events shall be told—old John Brown, with a halter round his neck, and the prophetic words upon his lips—“I am worth more to hang than for anything else” will stand out in no ignoble guise.

Bye-and-bye the returns began to come in by telegraph from the other States, and the figures were displayed on an illuminated placard to the crowd below. And as State after State gave its majority for Lincoln, again and again the air was rent with cheers.

During the progress of the election I had noticed on both sides a good deal of unfairness in the way in which all sorts of petty charges were raked up against the respective candidates. It was charged against Lincoln for instance that he had refused to take his salary in currency, and had required to have it paid in gold. And it was thought necessary by the Republican party that this charge should be formally answered by the United States Paymaster, who published a statement vouching for the fact of its being paid in greenbacks, so that the modest allowance of about £3,000 a-year was at once cut down one half. Charges equally unfair were made against Mc. Lellan, though perhaps upon

the whole there was not more of that sort of thing than there is sometimes at a contested election in England.

But when the election was over, the beaten L 130 party seemed to me upon the whole to behave well. Some of the Democratic papers announced their acquiescence in the decision, and their resolution to support the Government in the meantime until the time should come for another trial, for which, as in one or two cases they remarked, they would only have to wait four years. Although the shortness of the term of the Presidential office is in most respects, as it seems to me, a very great evil, yet it certainly has the effect of softening the bitterness of defeat. Whether the alteration introduced into the proposed Confederate constitution extending the term of office to six years, but without leave of re-election, is, or is not, an improvement, it is not easy to say. On the one hand that a man should scarcely have become fairly instructed in the duties of his office before he begins to give his mind to the question of his re-election, is a very serious evil—on the other hand, that the man who may have proved himself to be of all men the best qualified for the office, should be the one man who is ineligible, may be taken to be a more serious evil still.

It is a significant fact that the three States which gave a majority for Mc. Lellan, should be the only three States which refused to adopt the constitutional amendment for the abrogation of slavery. With respect to one of these States, New Jersey, I witnessed on the following day an expression of popular feeling in the theatre at 131 Philadelphia, when by an interpellation the question was asked of one of the characters—“Are you a New Jersey man?” “No,” was the reply, “thank God, I am an American,” and that brought down the house in thunders of applause. It was generally believed in America, though I am inclined to think myself, without any foundation of truth, that a large amount of money was sent over from England to further the election of Mc. Lellan.

Among the curious features of the election were the various ridiculous penances which members of the beaten party had to perform. For as wagers for money would have vitiated the votes of those laying them, the conditions were generally that the loser should

exhibit himself in some ridiculous point of view—the absurdity of the thing being often heightened by the social position of the individual. Thus a gentleman in Chicago had to carry a fat Republican on his shoulders through the streets, preceded by a band of music. A well-known New Yorker, as an appropriate punishment for being a Copperhead, was condemned to wear for a year a hat two feet high with a brim seven inches wide. A student in Maine was compelled to part with his cherished whiskers and moustache. Another man had to whittle two barrels of shavings in the street. Another—and I think this was certainly a case for the interference of the police—had to promenade in a public thoroughfare with nothing but his shirt on. The last time that I 132 visited Boston, I found a great crowd in the street, and learned that a well-known citizen of that place had just gone bye, having in fulfilment of the terms of a wager, wheeled a barrel of oysters all the way from Portland to his house in Boudouin Square, a journey which occupied him nearly a week. The affair having got wind, a great number of people had assembled to see him pass with his barrow, which was painted with appropriate mottoes—“We pay our debts,” in allusion, I suppose, to the fulfilment of his wager; “We obey the laws,” “We bide our time,” in reference to the principles of his party. It was mentioned that at one place on the road a sturdy Republican innkeeper had refused to take him in, though he had cheerfully received “black Jonas,” a negro sent with him to see that he did not shirk any of his task. This may be taken as one of the straws which serve to shew the way the wind blows.

**CHAPTER X. ON THE OHIO.**

On the day after the election I left for Cincinnati, the Queen of the Ohio. Cincinnati has two trades—one a very genteel trade, and the other a very vulgar one. The former is that of winegrowing, which we know has always been so genteel a trade that German princes with pedigrees going half way back to Noah, will be happy to sell one a single bottle out of their cellars. The wine produced on the Ohio, known by the name of Catawba, is of a delicate bouquet, though somewhat wanting in body, and is generally sold in the hotels at about five shillings the bottle, or about half the price of Champagne. The most celebrated bottling is that which Mr. Longworth, the principal proprietor of the Ohio

vineyards, commemorating in a very appropriate manner the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding day, prepared carefully from selected grapes—for presents among his friends only, as I believe—under the title of the “Golden Wedding.”

The other trade—that of pig killing—which is carried on here on a gigantic scale—is one in which it would seem difficult to find any poetical feature. But M. Laugel has very courageously, and, it must be admitted, not unsuccessfully, essayed it. “There 134 is something Homeric” he says, “in this perpetual massacre, and you end by finding a savage poetry in these bloody scenes. You forget the revolting side of it to think of nothing but the order, the activity, and the grandeur of the results obtained.” So then it is with the killing of pigs as of men—the killing of one pig is revolting—that of a thousand “Homeric.”

I have already made the remark that all the travelling in America is designed for the many and not for the few. And so long as you are content to travel by the public conveyances, the railway, the steam-boat, or the street car, you will find the travelling unsurpassed for cheapness. But if ever you attempt to get a carriage to yourself, you are punished for your exclusiveness by being thoroughly victimized. And as an illustration of this I may mention that I paid more by fifty per cent. for a drive of two miles out of Cincinnati to see a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction, than I did on the following day to travel a distance of two hundred miles down the Ohio in a splendid boat to Louisville.

The total absence of class character makes the Americans less interesting to look at than any other people. In England, a workman somehow or other always gets to look like his work—his clothes, and the way he puts them on, are different in some indescribable way, to those of another trade. Take the captain of a steamer for instance—his hat, his 135 coat, his whiskers, are those of a captain of a steamer and nothing else. But here on the Ohio, (and everywhere else in America it is the same), the captain of the steamer might have been, as far as his appearance was concerned, a green-grocer, or a doctor, or the editor of a newspaper. And this dead sameness of appearance is not only less picturesque

but less amusing, for having no data to go upon you are unable to beguile your time by speculating as usual upon your fellow travellers.

One of the ceremonies observed on board this boat made an impression upon me—strongly indicative as it was of the reverence displayed by the Americans towards the abstraction of womanhood. We, unattached individuals, were at the one end of a long saloon extending the length of the boat; when dinner was ready and everything placed on the table, a bell rang—and we all rose—to take our places, as I thought. But not so—at least not yet. Each man standing behind his chair we ranged ourselves in two rows at the lower end of the table. A door opened at the other end, and four or five common and hard-featured women, attended by their belongings, (for the men in America generally seem to belong to the women) came out and took their places at the head of the table. Another bell rang, and then all we single individuals respectfully took our places. It seems as if the natural yearning of man for something to reverence, cut off in America from its ordinary channels, is fain to 136 bestow itself all in this one direction. The idols may be hard, or even repulsive—but the worship is given to the divinity of womanhood which lies behind.

On the following morning we arrived at Louisville, the capital of Kentucky, and waded through the mud of the streets, as best we might, to our various places of destination. With the exception of some fine business blocks in the centre of the city, Louisville resembles somewhat a small country town spread out to many times its size; except that there are more pigs going about the streets than is usual in English country towns. These pigs act as scavengers, and consume the offal which is thrown out of the houses. Occasionally too, a cow may be seen strolling about in a leisurely and contemplative manner, or looking placidly on at the operations of the grubbing and toiling pigs, just as some well-to-do philosopher surveys the striving crowd below.

**CHAPTER XI. THE GREAT CAVE OF KENTUCKY.**

From Louisville I made an excursion to the Great Cave of Kentucky, which is situated about half way on the road to Nashville. I left the cars at a station dignified by the name of Cave City, and which “city” consists of about half-a-dozen wooden houses and a little inn. As I was waiting here till the coach should be ready to start for the Cave Hotel, a long line of Federal cavalry, about a thousand strong, came trooping past on their way to join Sherman's army in Tennessee. Their commanding officer rode up to where I was standing at the door of the hotel, and, taking me, as I suppose, for the landlord, asked me, taking off his hat at the same time most politely, if I could tell him where to get some bread for his men. It was a trifling act, but to my mind it was striking and suggestive. Americans are not given to ceremony, and are indeed rather wanting in external forms of courtesy. Yet, is there another country in the world in which an officer at the head of his regiment would take off his hat to the landlord of a little wayside inn? But the American army is utterly different to any other army—it has no separate class feeling—it is simply an organization of armed 138 citizens, and it seems as if its members are always glad to take an opportunity of shewing that it is so.

A drive of two hours in a ricketty coach, over an abominable road, brought us to the Mammoth Cave Hotel. The hotel, which is situated on the banks of the Green River, within a stone's throw of the cave mouth, and surrounded by forests of the hickory and the oak, used formerly to be a favourite place of summer resort, not only on account of the great natural wonder of the neighbourhood, but also on account of the beauty of the scenery, and the healthfulness of the climate. But evil days had come upon the house, for the disturbed state of the district had thinned the stream of visitors, and put an end to all its gay doings. Then, some time ago, the Confederates swooped down upon the place, for Mr. Owsley, the proprietor, had remained loyal; they ordered him to take out all his furniture, telling him that they were going to burn down the house. So he took out all his things, and placed them for shelter in the mouth of the cave; no sooner had he done which, than the Confederates took the things and spared the house. So this accounts for the beds being the hardest I ever slept upon in all my life.

The only other visitors were two intelligent young English mechanics, who had been employed in a government factory at Nashville, and getting tired of the service, were now on their way to try 139 a change of masters at Cincinnati, and like sensible men, had not grudged to give two days in passing to this great sight, the like of which can be seen in no place else. As we sat by the fire in the evening, the little party consisting, in addition to us three Englishmen, of some of the people belonging to the hotel, and one or two neighbouring Kentuckians, the conversation turned upon the agitated question of emancipation. The feeling in its favour which I found to prevail in the capital of the State, where some of the leading journals have become its strenuous supporters, did not appear to have penetrated as yet into the remoter part of the State. Some of the company talked just as you occasionally hear persons talk in England—“The condition of the slave is a happy one—he has no cares—he is clothed and fed, and that is all that he minds about, and when he is past work he is taken care of by his master.” “Who,” said a hulking fellow, who seemed to me to have an uncommonly easy time of it, “Who will take care of me when I get too old to work?” I had a little comment upon this on the following day, which will come in its proper place. My young countrymen seemed to have learned reticence to a painful extent for Englishmen, and when, in the course of the conversation, I felt constrained to say in a few words that I did not share in the opinions of the others about slavery, one of them came to me aside, with a kindly-meant caution, that it was not safe to say always what one thought in this country.

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On the following morning, along with my guide, each of us carrying a couple of lamps, I entered the great cave, which, in all its various windings, extends as is computed, a hundred miles through the bowels of the earth. My guide was a very intelligent coloured man—he had been a guide for twenty-one years, and had travelled during that period more than fifty thousand miles under the ground. After scrambling along for some distance through narrow passages, we came to the Main Cave, which is six miles in length, and varies from forty to a hundred feet in height, and from sixty to three hundred feet in width.

In this is situated the Star Chamber, the most beautiful sight of the cave. The ceiling, which is sixty feet high, is composed of black gypsum, studded with small white points, produced by an efflorescence of Glauber's salts, and the effect in the dim light of the lamps is precisely like that of the sky covered with innumerable stars.

Near the Star Chamber I observed several little houses built of the loose stone of the cave, and the guide, as we walked on, told me the story of their inmates. It appears that, about fifteen years ago, it occurred to a physician of Kentucky that the perfectly uniform temperature of the cave, which is invariably fifty-nine degrees summer and winter, together with the great purity of the atmosphere, might make it a suitable winter abode for consumptive patients. And, contrary to the usual 141 practice of doctors, he resolved to try the experiment upon himself, for he it seems was subject to that fearful malady. He built himself a little hut, and there he dwelt alone for nearly four months. Alone in the midst of silence and darkness—it must have seemed like the grave! For there is no day there, and no night—no summer, and no winter. No faintest ray of the light of heaven ever steals upon that black depth of darkness—no sound breaks the terrible stillness, for all God's creatures that are there are voiceless. The silent bats cling in clustering myriads to the walls—even the merry cricket when he comes in there is stricken dumb. But all that a man hath will he give for his life, and he held on. And when spring came again—strange to say—he returned to the world healed of his malady. The news spread far and wide, and the next winter there was quite a little colony in the cave. Twelve men, three of whom were accompanied by their wives, came and built themselves houses, and passed the winter. Some of them were sociably disposed, and visited among each other, and asked the guides to bring all passing strangers to come and see them, that they might hear some little news of the world above. But there were one or two who moodily shut themselves up, and refused to hold any intercourse with their fellows. The end of all was equally melancholy—it was a fearful mistake—three never saw the light of day again, and were only carried 142 out to their graves; of the others some reached the hotel to die there, and all the rest died shortly after reaching their homes. Their appearance on being brought out

is described as something very frightful—no vestige of colour was left in their bloodless faces—their eyes were sunken, and the pupils dilated to such a degree that nothing else was visible. And there was at the time a great, and probably an unreasonable outcry, both against the doctor who had recommended, and also against the proprietor of the hotel, who had eagerly advertised what seemed to be a new and unlooked-for source of profit.

We struck again into a narrow passage, and I followed the guide, edging side-ways through a narrow place called Fat Man's Misery, and through which, after all, it is said there has never been found a man too fat to pass—through wondrous domes formed in the long ages by the falling of water from above—by a black abyss called the Bottomless Pit, and we sat down to rest in the Revellers' Hall.

I asked a casual question of the guide as to the way in which he spent his time when not engaged in shewing the cave. He quietly answered that he was a slave owned in Tennessee, and hired out by his master during the season. A slave! it came upon me with a shock. Here was a man who had just been telling me about the geology and the natural history of the cave—a man with whom I 143 had been all the morning trusting my life—with whom thousands have trusted their lives, and yet he was not the master of his own life! I had seen him described in the guide-book as “affable”—how should I think that this affable man was a slave! Then I remembered the conversation of the night before, and I thought I would see what this man thought about it. “Was it not an object of desire to him to be a free man?” “Free! ah, yes,” and then he went on to tell me that for years he had been saving up all the little presents which he got for himself in shewing the cave—for the regular guide's fee goes to the hotel-keeper—to purchase his freedom, and that at the outbreak of the war he had paid two hundred dollars in gold (£40) to his master as an instalment. And now it was gone, all the money for which he had worked so hard—all the fruit of his fifty thousand miles of weary scrambling through the bowels of the earth. “You surely don't mean to tell me,” I said, “that you have any reason to think that your master intends to wrong you out of it.” He shook his head sorrowfully, but said nothing, and I felt that I had no right to question him further. I believed that I did not wrongly interpret the

signs of the times—I believed that in regard to what I then told him I was not inspiring him with false hopes—but what I said was this—“You keep quiet and wait your time, and above all keep the rest of your money to yourself. Maryland has freed her 144 slaves—I believe—I may be wrong, but I believe—that Kentucky and Tennessee will both follow her example, and that you will get your freedom for nothing.” Nor was I wrong—at least as far as his share in the matter was concerned. Tennessee was not many weeks in following the lead of Maryland.

Of all the wonders of the cave, that which had taken the strongest hold upon my imagination was the mysterious river, with its eyeless fish, which flows through, whence coming and whither going no one can tell. But it evidently has some connection with Green river outside, for when the latter is swollen by floods, the former rises also, overflowing all the lower parts of the cave, and cutting off the access to many of its passages. This had just now been the case, and although the waters had receded to nearly their original level, yet they had left all the approaches so covered with slippery mud as to make it a task of very great difficulty and some little danger to get near to it. But I was determined not to go away without seeing it, and my guide, between whom and myself there now existed some little feeling of fellowship, was equally determined that I should not be disappointed. So after scrambling, often on hands and knees, over ledges of rock difficult at any time, but now rendered more so by the greasy slime, with horrible gulfs and black pools of water on either side, we at least reached the brink, and 145 by the dim gleam of our lamps saw the deep, solemn, river gliding slowly and silently through the darkness. To cross it was impossible, for the boat lay flung up and left by the waters on a ledge of rock far above our heads, and we had nothing to do but to make the best of our way back over the perilous track by which we had come.

In reply to my question whether accidents had ever occurred in passing over places of this sort, my guide informed me that nothing of a serious nature had ever occurred, but that there had been cases almost more distressing, of persons having lost their reason through terror at being separated from their party. In particular, he mentioned the case

of one man, who, having lingered behind the rest of the party, had, as is supposed, in hurrying to regain them, stumbled and put out his light. It was not long before they missed him and came back to look for him, but to no purpose. All that afternoon and all the next day was spent in fruitless search, and it was not till the morning of the third day that one of the guides, happening to look behind a projecting rock, found him lying crouched on the ground in a corner near the place where he had been missed. He had lost his reason from terror on finding himself alone in the darkness, and when his companions came back to seek him, he had hidden himself away from them, clinging only the closer to his shelter, when he heard their shouts as they passed and repassed the place. When M 146 found, he made an effort to flee, but fell from exhaustion, and was carried away a maniac. Many other instances have occurred of persons having been lost in the cave, but only one with a like tragical result, and in this case the person—it was a lady—regained her reason after some years. The guide has an amusing account to give of the rapturous gratitude manifested by some of the people on their being recovered—having himself sometimes—for all the colour of his skin—been overwhelmed with irrepressible kisses.

Then we retraced our steps into the daylight and notwithstanding the assertion of the guidebook that so perfectly pure is the atmosphere of the cave that on coming out, “the impurity of the external air is almost insufferably offensive,” I hailed not the less gladly the blessed light of day.

It would seem as if the whole of this part of Kentucky, and of the bordering region of Tennessee, is undermined with caverns; for, besides the great cave which I had just visited, there are two others of minor importance in the same neighbourhood, as well as some of those holes in the ground, reputed to be of unfathomable depth, which, like the Eldon Hole in England, are looked upon with so much mysterious awe by the people of the neighbourhood. Then, further on in Tennessee, underneath Nashville itself, there are extensive caverns, in one of which it was said—though the story reads rather like one from the “Arabian Nights”—that a band of robbers 147 had but lately been discovered to have taken up their abode, emerging at night to rob and murder the inhabitants. However

this might be, it is certain that at that time scarcely a day passed without murders and robberies in Nashville. And under all, it is believed, as I read in a Nashville paper—though I know not upon what authority—that there exists a vast subterranean lake.

I have already mentioned that the rivers of the cave have evidently a connection with Green River outside, and the probability is that they drain into it. Now, Green River flows in a very deep channel, which it has evidently scooped out for itself in the course of ages; and the theory is that, as the river outside has gradually worked its bed deeper and deeper, the various passages in the cavern have been successively formed at different levels by the rush of the waters to join it, so that in the course of time the present rivers of the cave shall in their turn become dry passages.

We were a small party at dinner that day, I myself being the only stranger. The proprietor of the place, who according to the guide-book, was a “high-toned gentleman,” was unfortunately absent, and the table was presided over by his wife, a quiet, silent, care-taking little woman, with a subdued look, as if she had seen trouble, and had no heart left for anything but her duties. These, however, she certainly discharged most meritoriously, as the quality of everything set before us bore witness. 148 The other persons present were the clerk, who, rather oddly, as I thought, occupied the place of honour at her right hand, and the driver of the coach.

There was, besides the guide, another coloured man at the hotel in whom I felt an interest —a sort of trusted steward, whose life seemed to be spent in a perpetual struggle to keep the apple-brandy from the white servants of the place. His manner, polite and gentle, and his voice, soft and pleasant, with a touch of sadness, contrasted so strongly with the harsh voices and the free and independent roughness of the whites. This was the first time that I had met with slavery face to face, and it made a very painful impression upon me, because, as it so happened, the men of the subject race seemed to be so much more of gentlemen than their masters.

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## CHAPTER XII. THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanksgiving day was invented by the old Puritans, in order, as is supposed, to oust that popish old Christmas from his place. But old Christmas was ill to oust, and so now the Americans have two days instead of one, and both are observed in the same way, with sermons and dinners. And with peculiar joyfulness was it kept on this occasion throughout the land, for the dark days of the Republic seemed drawing to an end—her trusted chief had been re-elected—her armies were everywhere victorious in the field, and it seemed that her persistent courage was at length to be crowned with success. And not on that day of rejoicing were the soldiers forgotten who were fighting her battles in the field; I should not like to speak of the number of tons of turkeys that were forwarded to the different camps, and if any of them did arrive a day too late, the thanksgiving feast I dare say would be kept all the same.

Happening to be at Chicago at the time, I went to hear a sermon by the Rev. Robert Collyer, a noted preacher of that place, whom I had heard described as the Spurgeon of America. Mr. Collyer is a remarkable instance of the sort of men you 150 often meet with in this country. Born in Yorkshire of humble parents, he came out to the United States, not so many years ago, as a working black-smith. His abilities as a speaker having brought him into notice, he was enabled, by the assistance of friends, to enter the ministry, and now has one of the most influential congregations in Chicago. He is an intense admirer of Tennyson, the whole of whose writings it is said he knows by heart, so that if started in any given place, he can go on.

The service commenced with a fine old psalm of thanksgiving from Milton, which I wonder has never found a place in any of our collections, containing as most of them do, so many weak and flavourless productions. But here, as almost universally throughout America—and contrary, as I should have thought-to the spirit of American institutions—the

singing was left entirely to professionals; and though, as usual, well performed, was in my judgment a sorry exchange for the vigorous voice of a congregation.

From the comparison of the preacher to Mr. Spurgeon, I should have been prepared to have found in him some of those peculiarities which are generally supposed to be characteristic of the noted English preacher. But there was nothing of the kind, except in the way he gave out his text, and that certainly may be said to be rather peculiar. He had not had time, he said, to “hunt it up,” but he believed it was “somewhere in Galatians.” 151 The idea of a preacher thus confessing not to have all Scripture at his finger ends shews some original boldness, and possibly it may have been done to produce that effect. The discourse itself, which was in fact, more of a political address than a sermon, was marked by considerable ability—the preacher holding—more strongly than circumstances at the time seemed to me to warrant—that the day of national deliverance from danger and difficulty was at hand. Of Lincoln, whom he described as “the greatest of all, because he was the servant of all,” he doubted whether history would call him a great man, but he had no doubt that it would pronounce him an honest and a true man. A subdued expression of approbation among the congregation at these words shewed that the opinion was shared by his auditors. This was the only occasion on which I heard any expression of feeling in a congregation, though Mr. Beecher's church at Brooklyn rings with applause. The service was concluded by another hymn of thanksgiving, to the tune of our national anthem, and in this the congregation joined. Then there was a collection, and how curious it seemed to have a collection without any of the merry ring of coin—softly, like snow-flakes—the notes falling upon the plates.

There is no doubt that to the American clergy, who as a body, warmly espoused his cause, Lincoln was in no small degree indebted for his success. The feeling among them is illustrated by the motto 152 on a transparency, exhibited by a clergyman of Connecticut on the day of rejoicing,—“And the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham a second time out of heaven.” It is to be hoped, however, that when the great national questions are settled, the clergy will begin to confine themselves more exclusively to their own particular duties,

though it is not easy for men, having found out a source of power, voluntarily to relinquish it.

The service being over, I returned to my hotel. And the landlord of the Tremont House observed the day as a good landlord should, by giving us a better dinner than usual.

## PART II. AMERICA AFTER THE WAR.

### CHAPTER XIII. “THE SOUTH VICTORIOUS.”

The tremendous conflict which had been waged on both sides with so much courage and endurance had been at last brought to a close—the South lay crushed and vanquished at the feet of her adversary—the question of the day was what should be the conditions of her pardon. I landed for the second time in Boston, and, conspicuously announced in placards and advertisements, saw a lecture by the great Radical orator, Wendell Phillips, and its title was—“The South Victorious.”

At the appointed time I repaired to the Music Hall, which I found filled with three thousand well-dressed people—perhaps the most intellectual general audience to be found in the world. The proceedings commenced with an overture on the organ—that great organ which, as I read in one of the Boston papers, it costs fifteen dollars to dust. Nor was that prelude ill adapted for the purpose—filling the mind as it did with undefined emotions, which the skill of the speaker who followed might succeed in appropriating to himself and his subject. And it almost seemed as if the performer, in his passionate swells and soft cadences, sought to bring 156 before us the orator in his bursts of indignant invective, and his whispers of tender pathos.

The music ceased, and a spare, grave, gentlemanly-looking man with thin silver hair, stepped upon the platform. In a wonderful voice, clear as a bell, that seemed, without any effort of his, to fill all the great hall, even his whisper stealing into every corner, he commenced his address. It was in fact an attack upon the President's reconstruction

policy, which he denounced with all the force of polished invective and bitter sarcasm. He argued that if the old Slave States were allowed to come back into the Union with no more efficient safe-guards for the protection of the enfranchised people than those which the President's plan provided, the fruits of victory were thrown away—the blood and treasure of the North poured forth in vain—and practically, so far as the war was one on behalf of freedom, the South came out victorious. And the only complete and effective safe-guard, not only for the protection of the freedmen, but also for that of the Union, was, he argued, the extension of the suffrage to the coloured men, who, as a class, were the only loyal people in the South.

As an effort of oratory it was magnificent, but on the mind of one who, like myself, was anxious to hear the great question discussed in a spirit of calm, judicial impartiality, the effect, it must be admitted, was not altogether what I should have liked. Among other things he referred to a speech 157 which the President had just made to a regiment of coloured soldiers, in which he had strongly laid down to them that they were now free to work and to receive the fruit of their labour. Upon this he commented with all the variety of sarcasm. “The men who have saved the State appear before its Ruler, and he offers them as the reward of their devotion—what? Admission to the privileges of the State which they have saved? No; permission to be its hewers of wood and drawers of water.” Now, I could not help thinking that if I had been in the President's place I should probably have told the coloured men precisely the same thing that he did; for it seems to me that the way in which the negro will work in a state of freedom is, after all, the great question of the future. By whatever safeguards the justice or the philanthropy of the North may seek to protect the freedman, his position in the future must in the main depend upon his own conduct. If he approves himself a useful member of society, society will protect him, if not for his own sake, at least for its own sake. And I could not but agree in the force of an observation made by Mr. Beecher in the course of an address delivered shortly afterwards on the other side of the question, that “two good cotton crops would be worth a bushel of protocols.”

The support given to the President's policy by a man like Mr. Beecher, whose whole life had been 158 given to the cause of emancipation, shewed that—at least, so far as it had been up to that time developed—the question was one upon which, even among the sincerest friends of the negro, there might fairly be a difference of opinion. But the subsequent course of the President in vetoing the Civil Rights Bill alarmed many of those who had hitherto been disposed to place confidence in him; for it was felt that, whatever difference of opinion there might be as to the policy of extending political rights to the coloured man, the question of his civil rights was one which it was but reasonable and just should be secured by all possible guarantees.

As to the question of negro suffrage, it is one which opens out deep and serious considerations. Is the position of antagonism in which the coloured man would be placed with regard to the white, if he became—as it is claimed for him that he would become—a sort of Northern counterpoise in the South, one which he is capable of maintaining? In any case can the two races, in numbers so equally balanced, live together on terms of political equality? Will white men stand—would they stand it even in New England—having black men elected over their heads by a majority as Governors or Deputies?

I confess, after all the thought I have been able to give to the subject, I dread to answer these questions in the affirmative.

**CHAPTER XIV. THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.**

Finding, on my arrival at Philadelphia, a friend about to start on an expedition to the Oil Regions to see some wells of which he was a director, I took the opportunity of accompanying him. Starting on the Pennsylvania Central Railway, we arrived, after travelling a night and a day, at a place called Corrie, called into existence to be a depot of the oil trade. Here we spent the night, and took the train on the following morning on the Oil Creek Railway.

Conspicuous among the passengers by the train I observed a respectably dressed man standing on the platform of the car, with a label round his hat advertising him in large letters to be ”a blind man.“ ”Poor fellow!“ thought I, ”amid this eager striving crowd it would fare but ill with him if he had to fight his way among the rest; and so he takes this practical way of making known his calamity, in order that his fellow-travellers may forbear rudely to jostle him, or perhaps, if need be, may even lend him a helping hand.“ Not long, however, had the train been in motion before there came through the cars a pretty little girl with a basket of some small wares on her 160 arm, and a label round her hat inscribed, ”The blind man's child.“ On she came, doing a wonderful business, everybody in the train buying something of her; for the Americans are very kind in such cases, and, moreover, are always open to a touch of sentiment, be it even so sere as this. Aye, and perhaps amid the withering influences of the keen, striving life which we had come to witness, even such a thing as this may serve to keep green the heart of man! But there was no answering sentiment on her part—no smile, no word of thanks, no sign of graciousness. With the hard, business-like air which children get here when they come out so early into the world, she came along, pocketing the greenbacks just as if all her transactions had been purely mercantile, and taking no account of the sympathy.

We passed by the derricks of countless oil-wells, most of them abandoned, and about noon arrived at Shaffer Station, the terminus of the Oil Creek Railway. Huge piles of barrels encumbered the wharves—long trains of tank waggons to carry petroleum in bulk occupied the sidings—a strong smell of oil pervaded the atmosphere, and the warning—”Take care of your pockets,“ met our eyes in every direction. Two public conveyances awaited the travellers for the city of Pitholes, and strings of saddle horses stood ready for those who wanted to visit any of the scattered oil-wells. We got into one of the conveyances, a very light open 161 carriage, and started across country for Pitholes. I say ”across country,“ because it is not to say that the road was very bad, but there was no road at all. And I had not the slightest idea up to that time what sort of places two horses and a carriage could be made to pass through and to go over, or how much a carriage

would stand without being broken to pieces. The first and by no means the worst part of our road, was along the bed of the river, which is tolerably level, and not filled with very big stones. We met many flats laden with oil from the wells situated on the banks of the river, coming up to the station, towed by horses walking in the bed of the stream, for there is of course no path at the sides. And cruel work this must be for the poor horses in winter when the river is filled with floating ice; but there is scarcely law as yet in the district for man, let alone consideration for brutes. Presently our carriages scrambled up the bank out of the river, and took to the land for the rest of the way, making progress at the rate of about a mile and a half an hour.

About midway the carriage in front of us was suddenly overturned, and its occupants, men, women, and children, bag and baggage, tumbled out in a heap; though fortunately, the carriage being prevented from falling upon the top of them, by catching in a tree, without much harm to any one. There was no screaming or fainting—only one young woman began to cry—not so much, as it N 162 seemed, from fright, as from the sense of injustice. For she had been walking almost the whole way, and had only got in a short time before the accident took place, the hardship of which dispensation seemed to be the chief cause of her grief. However, she did not give any trouble about it, poor girl! for as soon as ever, by our combined efforts, the vehicle had been righted, and the luggage replaced, she pulled up with a sob—”Wall!“ she said, dried her eyes, and quietly mounted up again into her place.

The genius of the Americans for organization does not seem to extend to the making of roads, for surely it would have amply repaid the cost to have made one from Pitholes to the station. The expense of conveying the oil for this distance of about six miles, is three dollars a barrel, or nearly half the whole value of the oil. We met large quantities of it being conveyed in light carriages with very small loads, which seemed every moment in danger of being tilted out. A pipe was. being laid down from Pitholes to the station at Shaffer, for the purpose of conveying the oil, which being poured into a reservoir at the one end, was

to be pumped up into a tank at the other, and by this means it was expected that a saving of two dollars per barrel would be effected in the cost of transit.

A wonderful place is Pitholes—a city eight months old—with ten thousand inhabitants, twelve hotels, a daily paper, a ”Temple of 163 Fashion,“ billiard-rooms innumerable, a theatre, and an ”Academy of Music,“ the bills of which, announcing a ”musical *matinée* on Saturday afternoon,“ were stuck all about the town. But the streets are nothing but rivers of mud, across which you may occasionally see an. adventurous individual wading in a pair of huge jack-boots, but which ordinary pedestrians can only traverse at certain places, leaping from point to point, as you cross the stepping-stones of a brook.

The city of Pitholes owes its existence to a celebrated flowing well, called the United States well, struck in the valley below, which had been for many months producing at the rate of one thousand barrels a day, and the fame of which had naturally attracted crowds of speculators from all quarters eager to try their luck in the same neighbourhood. Making our way amid the forest of derricks on the hill-side, we came at last to the site of the famous well. We entered an enclosed yard containing a number of gigantic vats, into which the precious stream kept constantly flowing night and day, leaving nothing for the workmen to do but to draw it off, and barrel it as fast as they could. With what seemed to me a curious amount of incaution, considering the terrible results that would arise from an accidental spark, they allowed us to walk unguarded through the place, and even to climb up and look into the huge tank into which, with a deep rumbling noise, the oil 164 was vomited forth from the bowels of the earth in great spasmodic jets. A well like this, which, on an outlay of £1,000 or £2,000, must have been returning an income to its fortunate proprietors of something like £150,000 a year, is one of those great prizes which give a fascination to the pursuit of the oil-seeker. Its production, however, is thrown into the shade by that of a well lately discovered in Western Virginia, and which, according to the published account, was flowing at the rate of three thousand barrels a day. All around the great United States well, men were busy boring in every direction up to the verge of its territory, in the eager hope of tapping the reservoir from which its bounteous streams

were supplied. But though the general results of the operations in the district had been successful, no such second prize had as yet fallen to the lot of any speculator.

We went in the evening to the theatre, which we found really got up in a very respectable style, for the people here have plenty of money to pay for their amusements. There was a very fair staff of performers—a crowded gallery in a state of boisterous delight, and there were Oil Princes in the boxes to smile upon their favourites. The scene of the play was laid in England, and gave one a very curious idea of what life in that country is popularly supposed to be by the Americans. There were two men, a game-keeper and a poacher, in love with the same young woman, 165 the former being a virtuous, though rather uninteresting character, and the latter a sort of fascinating blackguard. The affections of the young woman were as a matter of course bestowed upon the latter, but being a well-principled young person, she made the acceptance of his suit depend upon his turning from his evil courses. In the meantime the game-keeper, who seemed to have a private dungeon of his own for the incarceration of poachers, catches his rival in the act of carrying on his illegal practices, forthwith lays hold of him, and without ceremony, locks him up in prison. The young woman comes to intercede for his release—the captor makes her acceptance of his hand the condition. To this she ultimately accedes, and walks off with the key of the prison in her pocket. In an affecting interview with her old lover she offers him his liberty on condition of his leaving the country and turning over a new leaf in some foreign land; he agrees to everything required, on which she produces the key and lets him out. Instead, however, of fulfilling his promise of reformation, he becomes the captain of a band of robbers, at the head of whom he returns to England, and in full brigand costume, with a whole armoury round his waist, walks one fine morning into the peaceful cottage of his former mistress, now the wife of his rival. Unsuccessful in his attempts to prevail on her to elope with him, he makes various attempts to carry her off by force, 166 all of which are defeated by various means well known in the machinery of the stage. And thus the play ends with a most unexceptional moral, though altogether more

favourable to game-keepers than I should have expected from the public sentiment of the country.

A curious state of life is that in this region, where oil seems to be the be-all and the end-all of existence. The daily paper in a few brief sentences disposes of the affairs of the outside world, and then turns to the prices of oil stocks, and the results of the latest borings. If you hear two men talking together, it is certain to be about flowing wells, and pumping wells, and so many barrels a day. If a stranger makes a remark to you—beware! he is a speculator lying in wait to let you in for some newly-formed oil-stock. We had an individual of this class sleeping in the same room with us, which gave me an opportunity of observing his mode of proceeding. He began by telling us, with an appearance of artless simplicity, how he had come to the place at first out of mere curiosity, intending to stay only a couple of days; how he had been so much interested that he had remained there for weeks, until at last he had begun to get a little inside knowledge of what was going on, and could tell the position and prospects of most of the oil wells. Then he artfully brought the subject round to one particular well, of whose prospects he gave a most glowing account, 167 and then left us to go to sleep and dream of flowing wells and oil-stocks, and monthly dividends of five hundred per cent. But on the following morning he took an opportunity of speaking to my companion aside, and offering, as a mark of special favour, to try to get him some of this stock which was to make the fortunes of all concerned in it. But my friend was equal to the occasion, and promised to ”consider about it.“

A rough life enough it is at the hotels,—the principal articles of diet being a substitute for coffee made of rye, and flavoured, I think, with dandelion;. and certain unpleasant lumps of meat called, in the language of the country, beef-steaks, which three times a day were set before us. To those who axe tired of the monotony of this diet, it is open to go to places where oysters cooked in all the various ways known to the Americans may be procured; but though the rate of board at the hotels was equal to that of the first establishments in New York, no such luxuries were included in our bill of fare. As for sleeping accommodation—inasmuch as the oil fever had at that time (though not without

a considerable amount of bleeding) very greatly abated—the press of visitors was never so great as to prevent us from having a bed between our two selves, a privilege for which we had every reason to be thankful, as, if the place had happened to be very crowded, we might have had a third person chummed in along with us.

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The people here have a curious way—I find it noticed in one of the guide-books—of talking about coming from ”the States“ and going back to ”the States,“ just as if the place they were in was a foreign country. And I experienced myself something of the same sort of feeling during the whole of the time that I was in the Oil Regions: it seemed to me as if I was in a sort of doubtful border land, not exactly in the States, nor exactly independent of them, but as it were semi-attached, something like a territory.

We set off on the following morning on horseback for Oil City with a guide who had been a soldier in the Federal cavalry, and who, with the most good-humoured recklessness, after doing all he could to break our necks during the journey, finished off by taking us—in order to cut off a little bit of the distance—through the Oil Creek river, during which process, my horse getting suddenly into a hole, I found myself pretty well soused.

”Oil City“ is not a pretty name, any more than ”Pitholes,“ and yet there is a sort of honesty about both of them which I rather like. Neither can Oil City be said to be a pretty place, though finely situated at the junction of the Oil Creek river with the Alleghany, and rising rapidly into importance as the main depot of the petroleum trade. In the middle of one of its principal streets there was still to be seen an oil-well in active operation— 169 fifty years hence it may perhaps be preserved as a relic, and covered with a marble shrine.

We crossed the Alleghany river in search of the wells in which my companion was more particularly interested, and, following the bank of the river in accordance with the topographical directions which had been given him, came at length in sight of a derrick and a steam-engine, and a portly figure dressed in black, whom he at once recognised as the

chairman of the company. The two directors, thus accidentally met together, greeted each other with enthusiasm, and all the more because the well in question was just beginning to be very profitable. There are different sorts of wells—some flowing spontaneously in a rich and constant stream, like the eloquence of Gladstone—others laboriously pumping up a little, with much coughing and spluttering, like the eloquence of most other people. This was a sort of intermittent pumping well, yielding for a certain period, and then holding off for an equal time. For several minutes it pumped and nothing came—then all at once a tremor seized its frame—it gasped and gurgled—began to kick convulsively, and at last vomited forth a rich jet of oil, while the two directors stood looking on, in admiring approval at its proceedings. The amount of oil obtained in this way was between twenty and thirty barrels a day, but being of fine quality, and close to the place of embarkation, it realized a much larger profit than most other wells 170 producing an equal quantity. My impression upon the whole, from what I have seen and heard, is that while great prizes are very uncommon in boring for oil, moderate gains are the rule, where due care is observed, and great losses the exception. Of course I refer to those who look out for themselves upon the spot, and not to those who stay at home and take shares in companies.

The two directors went to look at another of their wells at some little distance, and I remained behind to dry my wet clothes in the cottage of the foreman. Something interesting is sure to happen whenever one's back is turned, and so in this case a very curious experiment took place during my absence. There is a class of persons, called by the odd name of oil-smellers, whose profession it is to ascertain the presence of oil beneath the surface, and which they profess to do by means akin to the old divining rod. The oil-smeller cuts him a forked hazel bough, the two forks and the stem being of about equal length. Grasping the two forks by their extremities, and holding the stem upright before him, he walks slowly over the suspected ground, till on coming to the spot where oil is to be found, it is claimed that the rod suddenly turns round in his hand till the stem points to the ground. It is only certain persons in whom this property is found, and they have the opportunity of making, if they wish, a professional living by it. Now our friend the 171

Chairman was one of these persons, and he performed the experiment on the land of the company, for the satisfaction of his brother director. When my companion took the rod in his own hand, no effect whatever was produced; but on his grasping one of the forks, and the Chairman the other, the two then joining their disengaged hands so as to make the circle complete, the rod instantly, and in spite of his efforts to prevent it, turned round and pointed to the ground. When I first read the account of the oil-smellers in the guide-book, I looked upon the whole thing as humbug, but after hearing the testimony of my two friends, I was forced to acknowledge that there are more things on the earth and under it than are dreamt of in our philosophy. It may possibly be explained by the presence of electric currents in the earth—the gentleman in question was a highly electrical subject, so much so, that, as he informed us, he could by simple isolation, and without in any way exciting electricity, light a candle with his fingers. Practically it is said that though this indication is never found to be wanting where there is oil; on the other hand oil is not always found in accordance with the test. But the odd thing to my mind is that it should ever have entered into anybody's head to make the experiment.

We returned to Oil City, where we spent the night, and on the following morning took the train for Pittsburg. Arriving at the station in good 172 time, we had got possession of seats, always considered the more desirable, which commanded the windows. Not long had we been seated, however, before there came up a woman, who quietly said to my friend, “I'll thank you to let me have that seat,” a command which he instantly obeyed. “Well,” thought I, “I have read of women doing such things in America, but I never witnessed such a cool proceeding before.” The new comer, however, seemed lively and good-natured, and presently entered into conversation, giving us an account of a scene she had witnessed in the cars on the day before, when a passenger had cruelly beaten one of the little news-boys on account of some dispute about a paper. “And didn't I wish,” she said, “that I had been a man for the occasion.” “Well,” I thought, “modesty may not be one of her strong points, but there is evidently some good about her after all.” Presently I overheard a friend of hers in the seat behind ask her in a whisper if she couldn't get the gentleman beside

her to change places, so that the two friends might sit together. “Why,” she whispered in reply, “I have just made him give me up his place once, and I really havn't the face to ask him again.” So then I perceived that even of modesty she was not utterly bereft. My friend, however, guessing the object of the conversation, volunteered to give her his seat, and came and sat beside me, the two women having the opposite seats. Presently the 173 last comer produced some apples, and offered one to her companion. “Ah!” said the other, “these are not to compare with English apples.” My curiosity was roused. “Why,” I said, “are you so fond of English apples?” “Why?” she said, “because I *am* English. So I learned another lesson against forming hasty conclusions.

The other woman was, however, a genuine American, and a very smart one too, for on my friend putting his hand into his pocket for his knife, and pulling out along with it some other little things, among which was a silver half dollar, she at once on catching sight of the coin, cried out—“Ah! you're a Democrat—that's Democrat money!” My friend, thus taken to task, could not deny that he was a Democrat (it was the only point on which we differed), but how she found that out was beyond my comprehension. “You're uncommonly sharp,” I said to her, “but why can't a man have a silver half dollar in his pocket without being a Democrat?” Ah! you don't know,” she said, “they don't like the paper currency—they long for the old time, and they carry a silver half dollar about in their pockets to refresh themselves every now and then by taking a look at it.”

We parted with our amusing companions, and reached Pittsburg in time to get some supper and take the nine p.m. train to Harrisburg. We took our places in a sleeping car, deposited our baggage therein, and having ten minutes to spare by the 174 station clock, were standing by the side of the car finishing our cigars, our party having been joined by a third person, whom my friend introduced as the Treasurer for the State of Pennsylvania. All at once the train began to move. “Where is the train going to?” asked one. “Only moving forward a little,” suggested another. But the train went on and on, and our minds began to be disquieted. “Where is the train going to?” we enquired of one of the railway people. “Philadelphia”—he replied. Off we all set at the top of our speed to overtake

the cars, which had now got some few hundred yards from the station. We were rapidly gaining upon the train, and seemed to have a fair prospect of either getting in or breaking our necks, when one of the party, being tripped up on the rails, fell and cut himself rather severely. So we all drew up pretty well winded, while the train, gradually increasing its speed, disappeared in the distance. Then we slowly retraced our steps, I, in the state of mind which Britons are in when they write to the “Times,” and my companions taking our mishap with that provoking patience which the Americans display even when it seems so very clearly their duty to be angry. The train had started without any signal being given or sound being made, not even the usual “all aboord” of the conductor. Moreover, the time was not up by the station clock; but as for that, it appears that the trains do not start by Pittsburg time. 175 “Well,” said the Treasurer, “there's no help for it; we shall have to stay here till the next train at two in the morning, and in the meantime I'll telegraph to a friend of mine who keeps an hotel at Harrisburg to look out for the train and secure the luggage.” “Why not,” said I, calling to mind various instances of lost luggage in England and of the recovery thereof, “why not telegraph at once to the station-master?” “The station-master, indeed!” replied he, “much trouble *he'd* take about it. No, *Sir!* the gentleman I shall telegraph to is a friend of my own, and I know that I can depend upon his looking after it.” And so he did, and on our arrival next day at Harrisburg we found everything all right. But what if we had had no friend to telegraph to?

## CHAPTER XV. THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

To my companion, as a patriotic Pennsylvanian, vividly remembering the agony of excitement in that State while the great three days fight at Gettysburg was going on—and to me, as a traveller, willing to see all sights, a visit to the field where the tide of battle was rolled back from the Northern States, was of interest enough to induce us to make a detour of two days on our way towards the South. The little town of Gettysburg is the terminus of a branch railway, of about thirty miles in length, striking off from the line between Harrisburg and Baltimore. We were unfortunate enough to find, on arriving at the junction, that the Gettysburg train had left, and that there would not be another till the following

day. So we concluded to walk along the line for about five miles, to the next station, where there was a small village, where we had a chance of obtaining a vehicle of some sort to take us on to the little town of Hanover, where we could obtain a carriage to Gettysburg. Our way ran along the fertile valley of the Cumberland, with its fine well-ordered farms, its great fat red barns, and its thriving, but as report says, rather spiritless and unpatriotic German settlers. We 177 presently arrived at the village, where we succeeded in obtaining the desired conveyance, and in the meantime had dinner at a little inn, kept by a German, who performed the double function of tailor and innkeeper to the village. And as we sat in his cozy kitchen, with its quaint, old world furniture, his wife standing behind with a flapper to drive away the flies, while he himself did the honours of the table, I could have fancied, but for the presence of another guest, that the scene was transferred back once more to his native Bavaria. The fourth person was a Yankee photographer, shrewd and amusing, travelling among the villages with his horse and cart in the pursuit of his vocation; and at the same time filling his budget with quaint humours and curious experiences. Our host had a vivid remembrance of Stuart's raid along the valley, on which occasion everything he had in the house was eaten up. “They offered me payment,” he said, “in Confederate notes,” but with a chuckle over his own sagacity he added—“I would have had to have given them change in green-backs, and so I said I would take no pay.” It was curious to observe how much sooner the husband becomes Americanized than the wife—here was the man who had been in the country five or six years, speaking the language readily, and quite like a native in his ideas—and there was the woman, who could hardly speak a word but German, and who seemed as if O 178 she had just been lifted bodily out of her own old Nuremburg.

At Hanover we obtained a carriage and two horses, and after a drive of some hours through the frosty evening air, welcomed with no small satisfaction the bright, cheerful glow of the little inn at Gettysburg. It always seemed to me that there is something more pleasant and genial about the hotels in America which live upon a sentiment, than about those which are places of mere business,—whether the sentiment be that of the

picturesque as among the White Mountains of New Hampshire, or that of the patriotic as it was here, there seems to be something about the associations which has a tendency to open the heart. And Gettysburg, as one of the most accessible, and at the same time one of the most notable battle-fields of the war, is visited by a greater number of tourists than any other.

As we sat in a little circle in the evening round the cheerful stove, one of the company happened to let fall a remark about the wrongs of Ireland. So I asked him—“Will you tell me what you consider to be the wrongs of Ireland?” “Well, indeed,” he replied, “I can't mention any particular thing, only I know that it is the general opinion in this country that Ireland is very much oppressed.” We had a little further conversation on the subject, and I found him very reasonable and sensible in dealing with any tangible points brought before 179 him. But can one wonder that the average American, who will not, any more than the average Englishman, take much trouble to understand foreign politics, hearing the same story from every Irishman who comes over from the old country, should, from the very fact of the iteration itself, come to a belief that Ireland is a country suffering under a grinding tyranny? And for myself, I must say that seeing that a great part of Englishmen believed the South during the late war to be an oppressed people fighting for their freedom, and that the greater part of the Americans believe the Irish to be a people groaning under cruel tyranny—there being in both cases more than the ordinary facilities for arriving at a true knowledge of the case—I feel inclined to be very distrustful in future of any “oppressed nationality.”

Gettysburg has its local hero, one John Burns, an old man of seventy, who, dressed in a high-crowned hat and a long-tailed blue coat, as he circumstantially relates to his admirers —while the first day's fight was going on, seized with a sudden fit of patriotism, snatched up a rifle and made his way, to the astonishment of friends and foes, to the fore-front of the battle. According to his own account—which I do not know that there is any reason to doubt—he performed great prodigies of valour, was four times wounded, run over by the whole rebel army, and left on the 180 field all night. Consequently he is now, and not

undeservedly, the hero of the place, and the orthodox person to have for a guide over the battle-field. But whether it was that his soul thirsted for a wider field of honour or not I cannot say, but he had gone away to New York, and so we had not the opportunity of seeing him.

The visitor to Gettysburg has not far to go for tokens of the fight, for all through the town the battle raged, and standing at the door of the inn you can see the rents made by the shells in the walls of the houses. We had offered to us for sale in the street, as a relic, a shell which might have weighed some six pounds, and which I should have been almost as much puzzled to know what to do with as the man who had an elephant sent to him as a present.

On the following morning we rode over the position held by Meade, against which, during the two days of terrible battle, the whole force of Lee's splendid army was hurled in repeated but fruitless charges. A position of tremendous strength indeed it is, consisting of a range of heights, of which the central and most advanced point is Cemetery Hill, the heights falling back to the right and left till the whole assumes something of a wedge-like form. The whole area of the Federal position was about three miles, while that of the attacking forces occupied at least seven; so that Meade, overlooking from his commanding position the movements of 181 the enemy, and at the same time operating on the inner line, was able to mass his forces most effectively upon any given point of his defences. Indeed the wonder appeared to me, as an unscientific observer—whether it would have appeared less to a scientific observer or not I cannot say—that so skilful a general as Lee should have failed to secure such an important position, or that having failed to secure it, he should have felt compelled to attack at so much disadvantage.

We stood first upon Cemetery Hill, where the gun-pits still remain, upon which the Louisiania Tigers made their desperate charge, for the United States Government has purchased all the land, and everything is retained in its original state. Then we rode round to Culp's Hill on the right, where the attempt was made by Ewell's corps to flank the

Federal position. The ground is here covered with fine forest trees, oak, chestnut, and hickory, but all scarred and gashed by shot, and many of them dying of their wounds. The Federal breast-works, hastily constructed of logs and stones, covered with earth, run along the slope of the hill among the woods, and there are besides many private defences where a soldier has piled himself up a little cover with rocks or logs. The ground was still strewn with fragments of knapsacks, cartouch-boxes, and shoes, the difference between the Federal and the Confederate shoes being generally distinguishable from the latter being mostly 182 English, and blockade-run. But though the harvest of lead was at first so abundant that two dealers alone in Gettysburg sent to Baltimore,—as it is stated in an article in the “Atlantic Monthly,” no less than fifty tons collected from the field, it is at present rather difficult to find a single bullet, even those which have lodged in the trees having been cut out and carried away as relics.

Then we roderound through the fields in front, where the earlier fighting was done, and past the peach-orchard, where Sickle's corps was repulsed in its rash advance—to Round Top, on the extreme left, about two miles to the rear of the centre on Cemetery Hill. Round Top is a fine bold hill, lifting its craggy top above the woods—a sort of natural fortress, where the jutting rocks form parapets and casemates, and platforms for the guns. And monuments too for the dead, for inscriptions cut upon the rock that crops to the surface mark the spot where each of the principal officers fell. Below it is a hollow called the Devil's Den—the name was given to it before—a picturesque place that seemed as if it had been made for pic-nics; filled with large grey boulders, covered with moss, and lichens, and creeping plants, along which the Rebels advanced to the attack upon Round Top. And one place was shewn us where—three large boulders forming a sort of natural case-mate—one of their sharp-shooters remained behind, when his fellows were driven back, and 183 sheltered from the bullets that have pitted the rock all round, coolly picked off the Federal officers on the hill, till at length he was dislodged, by a company sent for the purpose.

The Federal dead, to the number of about three thousand five hundred, have been collected, and buried by the Government upon Cemetery Hill. The graves are arranged

according to the several States, in the form of a semi-circle round a monument to be erected in the centre. The name of each man is cut upon the granite head-stone, which runs in a line along the graves, and even the unrecognized dead have each their own individual memorial, though that memorial be nothing more than the word “Unknown.” Truly it must be admitted that—living or dead—the Americans have cared well for their soldiers. The Confederate dead, in number about seven thousand, remain in the pits where they were laid—the spot where twenty, or fifty, or a hundred have been buried together, being marked in some cases by inscriptions cut upon the trees.

The stench arising from the battle-field was the cause of considerable sickness in Gettysburg. And our guide informed us, that having gone over the field, while it was yet reeking with the carnage, in company with four visitors from the North, one of them returned on the following year, and told him that of those four he himself was the sole survivor, his three companions having all been carried off by sickness shortly after their visit.

## CHAPTER XVI. A COLOURED SCHOOL IN BALTIMORE.

It would seem as if the cheerful readiness with which Maryland adopted the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, was owing rather to motives of policy or economy than of justice or philanthropy. At all events there does not seem at present much disposition to elevate and educate the enfranchised people, for the Freedman's Aid Society in Baltimore, originally commenced, I believe, by the assistance of members of the Society of Friends in England, is now chiefly maintained by New England, New York, and Philadelphia. And in an appeal lately made to the religious feeling of the State through the medium of its recognised ministers, while some two or three expressed verbal sympathy with its object, the only ones who actually did anything to assist were the Rabbis of the two Jewish synagogues in Baltimore. Indeed, in some of the country districts, the attempt to educate the coloured people meets with fierce opposition, to the extent in some cases of burning down the school-houses. The letters from the country 185 teachers, which I was allowed to

look through in the office, were full of cases of petty opposition or persecution. One young woman related how an indignation meeting had been held in the place, and a deputation of five appointed to wait upon her with orders to quit the town. “The Southerners used to boast,” she said in her letter, “that one of them could lick three Northerners, but now it seems it takes five Southerners to face one Yankee girl.” They had not come yet however, and when they did, I think they would get the worst of it—I should rather like to see that battle.

The coloured schools in Baltimore had only been open about four months, and the progress made during the time was equal to that of any school I ever saw. There was in these schools a remarkable variety of colour, greater I think than in any other of the schools that I visited, every shade being represented, from the blackest ebony to the whitest ivory. Some of the children were very handsome, and one girl of about fifteen, I presume a Quadroon, or it might be an Octaroon, with finely chiselled features, olive complexion, and soft, lustrous, black eyes, was perfectly lovely. The teacher called up a boy to read, as a specimen of the progress of the school. The little fellow had light flaxen hair, delicate features, and a complexion that would have been considered very fair even in England. “You don't call that boy 186 coloured?” said I, after he had finished, “why, he is whiter than either you or me.” “That may be,” said she, “yet he is coloured for all that.” “Still,” I said, “one can scarcely take him as the type, so now, if you please, let us have a regular African.” “Well,” said she, picking out an unmistakable piece of ebony, “I guess this boy will be black enough for you.” “Black enough for anything,” said I, as the little fellow, grinning with delight at the distinction, stood up to read, which he did very creditably. The question of comparative colour was one on which I felt some interest, for the doctrine has been put forth by some English scientific men—and a sorry phase of science it is that selects the time when America is making such great efforts to redeem a degraded race, for its depreciatory theories—that the negro never shews signs of intelligence till he has been crossed with white blood. The doctrine is summed up in a late article in Blackwood —“The mulatto is generally more intelligent than the full blooded negro, and the Quadroon

and Octaroon make still further advances in the scale of humanity.” Now I thought that a comparison carried through all the schools I had the opportunity of visiting, would afford on the whole a pretty fair test. I put the question to all the teachers with whom I came in contact, and received various answers. “Give me the genuine African,” said one—“Upon the whole I think that the white ones are the smarter,” said 187 another, but the great majority declared their inability to discover any difference With these last my own opinion concurred, after having seen some thousands of children, and in particular, after having observed that in the classes where they took each other up, black and white were so equalled interspersed that it was impossible to assign a pre-eminence.

On another point I was desirous of getting information, for I had heard it stated that the negro, though quick to learn when young, is much less capable of receiving instruction as he becomes advanced in life. I asked the teacher if she had had any experience in teaching adults, and if she found any difference in their capacity for learning. “You saw that boy,” she said, pointing to the one who was first examined, “well, he and an old woman of seventy started together, and she beat him.” “Not that she was smarter,” she added, “but she had more application.”

Passing on to another room, I observed a laughing, mischievous-looking girl standing doing penance in a corner. “That's my Topsy,” said the teacher, “it is impossible to make her attend to any thing for two minutes together.” “Are such cases common?” I asked. “No,” she replied, “she is quite an exception—there may be one—there may be two such cases in a school.”

Presently the hour arrived for breaking up, and I then witnessed a sight which was quite new in 188 my scholastic experience. Two or three boys of about fourteen came forward and petitioned the teacher to be allowed to stay behind to finish some of their lessons. And the teacher informed me that it was an almost every-day's occurrence for her to remain behind an hour or more after the school had closed, to satisfy some pupils who were reluctant to leave till the day's programme had been fairly got through.

It seemed rather curious to me, after my experience of the various coloured schools which I had visited, to find on arriving in Alabama, the following ideas on the subject put forward in the “Montgomery Register.” “They (the Northerners) appear to be really sincere in believing that the negro is capable of acquiring letters. They take a few instances in which the negro has acquired property, and a knowledge of letters, as evidence of the whole of them being capable of this.” The Southerners are very fond of telling us that no one understands the negro but themselves—nothing was more constantly dinned into my ears during my progress through the South. And yet, whenever the Northerner has taken him in hand, he seems to have been able to make more of him. It was said that he could not be made to fight, and yet he has made an excellent soldier. It was said that he could not be got to receive instruction, and yet now General Howard reports that “whole regiments of coloured people have 189 learned to read.” It was said that he would not work without coercion, and though there has not yet been time fully to test the truth or falsehood of the statement, yet in all the cases where Northerners have undertaken Southern plantations, they have been among the most successful in getting their work done.

**CHAPTER XVII. ON TO RICHMOND.**

We started from the “City of magnificent distances,” as Washington has very aptly been called, by steamer on the Potomac for Richmond by way of Acquia Creek. It was a lovely morning, and the passengers were scattered about, smoking, reading, playing Euchre, or listlessly watching the scenery on the banks, when a person came round with a sheaf of newspapers which he began to distribute. Judge of my surprise when I found it to be what might be called “The Railway Accident Gazette,” in fact a record of the principal accidents that had happened in the United States during the last six months. All the most frightful cases of smashing to pieces, scalding to death, drowning in the water, blowing up into the air, were arrayed before the eyes of the dismayed traveller, while a choice selection of the most appalling accidents in England and the rest of Europe was thrown in by way of garnish. To add to the ghastly effect produced by this dismal chronicle, the bell of the

steamer suddenly began to toll, as if for a funeral. This, however, was presently explained, as I found that we were passing Mount Vernon, the resting-place of Washington, on which occasion it is usual 191 for the steamers to pay this tribute to his memory. But what the meaning of the cold-blooded cruelty of giving the unfortunate passengers such a record of accidents to read, I was still at a loss to conceive. This, however, was also presently explained, for bye-and-bye our tormentor returned, bringing with him a note-book and a bundle of tickets, and I found that he was the agent of a Life Insurance Company, whose business it was, first to terrify the passengers into a suitable frame of mind, and then to insure their lives for them. The tickets, which cost ten cents each, or about fourpence, were issued by a company at Chicago, and guaranteed the holder, in case of his being disabled by any accident on the line, fifteen dollars, or about forty-five shillings per week, for a period not exceeding twenty-six weeks; or, in the event of his death within ninety days, three thousand dollars, or about £450, to his representatives. These terms, compared with those of our own Passenger Assurance Companies, which for a sum of threepence, guarantee a payment of £1,000 in case of death, do not seem by any means particularly liberal. And there was, moreover, in this case, a clause added in the interest of the railway company, who seemed to be acting in concert with the other company, and which I apprehend would prevent travellers in England from accepting such tickets as a free gift, for by it the holder bound himself to absolve the railway 192 company from all further liability in case of an accident.

We took the cars at Acquia Creek, and in the course of the afternoon were safely landed in the streets of Richmond—literally in the streets, for the train draws up in the midst of one of the principal thorough-fares. We put up at the Spottswood House, previously used as the Confederate Head-quarters, but now restored once more to its original purpose. Opposite to us at the dinner table sat a fine, intelligent-looking man, with keen grey eyes, and a narrow silvery beard, whom my friend at once recognized from the photographs as Joe Johnston, now become, as we were informed, the manager of an express company. How curious it is to note how the late leaders of the Southern armies have already settled

down into other and diverse pursuits. One rebel general keeps an hotel, filling all the posts, as far as possible, with his own crippled soldiers. Another has become a bar-keeper, compounding whiskey cock-tails, and mint-juleps, and other cunning drinks; nor is the fall in reality so great as it sounds to us. Mosby, the guerilla, has become an attorney, and now immolates his victims according to law. General Lowry has—save the mark, turned Baptist preacher. Hood and Longstreet have, as I read in one of the Southern papers, gone into partnership together in business at New Orleans, and how odd the association sounds—“Hood and Longstreet, 193 Commission Merchants and General Agents!” Forrest runs a saw-mill on the Mississippi, and perhaps in the whirr of the wheels, and the harsh rasping of the saws, finds something congenial to his fierce spirit. How curious it seemed to read in the Memphis papers his advertisements addressed to his “friends and patrons,” assuring them that all orders entrusted to his. care should be executed with punctuality and despatch! Do grim memories ever come back to him as he listens in the stillness of the evening to the sharp knives grating through the wood, and hears the dismembered logs falling to the ground? Oh no! very likely all he thinks about is executing his orders with “punctuality and despatch.”

We strolled through the town, and finding a group of children playing round the statue of Washington in front of the State House, asked one of them, a little girl of about twelve, which was the house where Jefferson Davis lived. She answered the question, and then, judging us to be Northerners, added, drawing herself up half defiantly—“He's *my* President, and the greatest man in the world!” “No! is he?” we said, wanting to draw out the little rebel a little further, “not when he was trying to escape in his wife's crinoline?” “I'll not believe it,” she said, “no—not if your President Johnson told me so himself,” and so saying, in spite of all our efforts to detain her in conversation, she scampered away from further parley. P

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That part of Richmond which was destroyed by the fire is being rapidly rebuilt, and to a great extent, as we were informed, by the assistance of Northern capital. The cost

of house-rent is still enormously high, a modest house of about six rooms not being procurable under anything less than £200 a year. And even this is moderate compared with some other of the Southern towns, where I have heard of instances of £300 or £400 being paid for a single room as a front store, prices which seem out of all proportion to the wealth and population of those towns.

The stream of immigration which has set in from Ohio and other Northern States towards Western Virginia, stimulated very much, no doubt, by the discoveries of oil in that region, has spread to some extent into the Eastern State. Many Northern farmers have settled in different parts, and as far as I could judge by the tone of the daily papers, their advent is hailed with satisfaction, as an augury of the future prosperity of the State. Nevertheless, notwithstanding its advantages of soil and climate, a very small proportion of foreign immigration as yet finds its way to Virginia. The statistics of immigration for the months of November and December, 1865, shew that out of 12,605 foreigners arriving at New York, 11,597 were absorbed by the Northern States—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and Massachusetts obtaining the largest share—while only 723 were bound for the 195 Border States, 120 for Virginia, and 165 for all the rest of the South. The small proportion attracted to the Cotton States, notwithstanding the strenuous attempts made by agents to obtain white labour at that time, when faith in the working of the freedmen was at its lowest ebb, serves to indicate the little confidence which is as yet placed in the security of life and property in the former Slave States. But the abolition of slavery, by removing the badge of disgrace from honest labour, will no doubt ere long work a radical change in the industrial condition of the South. Already in Virginia the returned soldiers of Lee and Johnstone's armies have set a good example of industry, and the large corn crop of the State is due in great measure to their exertions. And the “Richmond Republic” thus wisely counsels the idle whites to follow their example. “The time has gone by when labour was the peculiar badge of the servile class. If labour was not respectable formerly, it is necessary to make it so now. The State is never going to be regenerated if any considerable number of the white population sits with folded hands, and spends its time in invoking foreign labour, and

denouncing the indolence of the blacks. It is no way to bring foreign labour here, to brand labour with disgrace, nor the best mode to cure negroes of laziness by shewing them that the white people regard work as a special hardship." These are wise words—industry will bring security—security will bring 196 immigration, and prosperity will follow in its train.

We took the rail to Petersburg, and rode out from thence to see the old lines. It was at the place where I had first come upon them in the preceding year—how terribly near to each other they seemed to be here! Everything remained unchanged, but the earth-works were fringed with flowers, and the wild shrubs grew in the corners of the forts. A group of negroes lay on the ground, singing one of the favourite songs of the war, beginning rather prosaically with, "My master was a Colonel in the Rebel army," but with a musical refrain, which they sang with a rather sweet effect—"For Babylon is fallen—is fallen," &c. At various places along the lines huts had been knocked up for the supply of refreshments, and the sale of relics gathered from the field. And in the bomb-proof of Fort Hell there was a table spread for pic-nics!

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## CHAPTER XVIII. NORTH CAROLINA.

"The South is looking up," writes the "Louisville Journal," the source whence most of the jokes which run the round of the American papers are supplied, "we begin to hear of railway accidents there." This may be understood as referring, in the first place, to the resumption of the ordinary channels of trade, and in the second place, to the return of a state of things when common calamities, such as railway accidents, have their accustomed prominence. The United States Government had but just handed back to the various railway companies the lines of which they had taken possession, turning over to them at the same time in most cases, the rolling stock to be paid for on credit. But the rolling stock which had been in use during the war did not comprise very comfortable appliances for travelling in time of peace, and in fact a great part of the passenger carriages were nothing more than goods trucks, fitted up with rough wooden seats. Then

the condition of the rails, and the state of the locomotives was such as to prevent a higher rate of speed being attained than about ten miles an hour. And in addition to 198 all this, the fares were advanced to double the old rates, making them equal to, and in some cases higher than our first class. So that, taken altogether, travelling through the Southern States during the year after the war was neither comfortable, safe, nor economical.

Through interminable pine woods, with scarcely a dwelling to be seen except when at long intervals three or four houses were grouped together to form a station, we travelled to Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina. A very pretty place it is, the model of a calm, quiet, genteel county town, reposing under the shadow of the fine trees which have given it the name of “the City of Oaks.” A small street of shops forms a nucleus, around which cluster the pleasant detached residences which form the town. No stir of traffic breaks in upon the stillness of the place, only now and then some planter comes riding in from the country, hitches up his house in the street, and proceeds to make his purchases, and do his business. And yet even this quiet little place has other places which look up to it as a sort of metropolis, for we had a young woman in the train who had travelled about fifty miles to do her shopping here. And such as it is, it aspires to be a literary centre too, for in passing down the street, I saw in the window of the bookseller's shop the announcement of a novel by an author of North Carolina, who, according to the critics of the State, was destined to be a dangerous 199 to Miss Braddon. I fear that in launching his bark on the waters of this dull little landlocked bay, the author was little aware how hard it is to find the outlet that leads into the great ocean of popular renown.

I visited the schools belonging to the Freedman's Bureau, which I found crowded with children, and making very satisfactory progress. A rather striking contrast to them was a school established by another Northern society, the American Union Commission, for the instruction of the children of poor whites, which had only succeeded up to that time in drawing together about fifteen children. An evening school for negro adults had been in operation during the summer; but in consequence of the teachers being unable, from the bitter feeling against them, to obtain lodgings in the town, it had been necessarily

suspended during the winter months, for it would hardly have been safe for those young women to have gone to and fro in the dark. I was told that it is a common belief among the people of the South—though one can scarcely realize such a perverse effort of reasoning—that the office of teacher in a negro school is inconsistent with purity of morals. It is a hard thing for these poor girls, more particularly in isolated places, to bear up—with nothing but their native spirit, and, it may be, something of a sense of usefulness to support them—against the scorn and dislike of all of their own race, 200 and especially against the last most cruel insinuation of all.

Mr. Fiske, the superintendent of the schools in North Carolina, where there were at that time about five thousand coloured children under instruction, told me that, looking forward to a time when the Federal forces must necessarily be withdrawn; he had been making strenuous efforts to enlist the sympathies of the religious element of the State in their behalf, with a view to their future protection. In this, however, he had met with no success: the answer of the ministers was in effect, “The work may be a good one in itself, but for good or for bad we don't want you Yankees among us.” If that, then, be the sentiment of the better educated classes in the South, we cannot wonder that the feeling of the ignorant whites should be one of bitter hostility to anything which tends to place the negro on a level with, or, it may be, a higher position than themselves. And Mr. Fiske had been sorrowfully forced to the conclusion that while one or two of the schools in the larger towns may possibly be able to maintain their ground, those in the country districts generally will have to be given up. But as the Freedman's Bureau will at all events remain in existence for another year, a work will ere that time have been done which it will be impossible to undo.

I left the schools, and passing into the quadrangle 201 of the State House observed the statue of Washington, the pedestal of which, no doubt by the hands of some fair rebel, had been draped in mourning on the fall of Richmond. In some subjected States, say in Poland or in Venetia, such a manifestation might have been resented or punished; but the Yankee is too wise or too magnanimous to care about such trifles, and the drapery had been left to

rot away from exposure till it draggled in faded festoons upon the ground. And for myself, having just seen the oppressor enthroned in the shape of a bright-looking Yankee girl with a primer and a spelling book, I could not realize the shade of Washington bowing his august head in grief.

The difficulty of getting information respecting the routes of travel was, on various occasions throughout the South, a thing which struck me with surprise. Here, for instance, at Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, I could not find any one, not even the officials at the railway station, able to give me the slightest information as to the mode of proceeding to Wilmington, its principal seaport, although there was uninterrupted railway communication the whole way. Nor was my surprise much diminished when, in reply to a telegraphic inquiry sent to the junction of Goldsborough, I learned the course of proceeding, which was to take the evening train to that place, find on arriving that the train for Wilmington had just left an hour 202 before, and lie over for four and twenty hours in that by no means lively place till the following evening.

In the omnibus to the station were two ladies, and a man dressed as a gentleman, but in a state of intoxication, who, it appears, had grossly insulted one of the ladies when at the hotel, and was now annoying them very much by forcing his conversation upon them. So when the omnibus arrived at the station, the elder of the ladies said to me—“We don't like to be left with this man in the dark and lonely station, so if you please, we will put ourselves under your protection.” So at a moment's notice I found myself with a lady on each arm stumbling along over the rails by the dim light of a lantern, carried by a man who preceded us. Railway-stations are not usually dark and lonely places, but gas in Raleigh costs thirty shillings per thousand feet, and the company did not seem to consider themselves as yet justified in adopting it. Presently the offending individual came up to me and volunteered to give an explanation of his conduct. I naturally declined to have any parleying with a drunken man, upon which he addressed himself to the elder lady, requesting her to give him five minutes conversation for the purpose of explaining. It may serve to illustrate the difference of habit in such matters, that the lady went aside with

him, and patiently listened for some time to his tipsy and incoherent 203 observations, the substance of which seemed to be, that if he had known that the other lady was a friend of hers, he would not have acted as he had dona. The lady took the trouble mildly to remonstrate with him, reminding him that the offence of insulting a woman is none the less because she happens to have no friend, and returned to us with a serene countenance, as if she had been discharging an unpleasant duty to society.

We took our places in the car, where we had to wait for half an hour till the engine should come for us. Everybody had left the station, and all without was silence and darkness; inside, a feeble lamp at the far end of the long car gave a dim, ghostly light—there were but few passengers, and if any one spoke, it was in a low, subdued, voice; and as I sat there with two strange ladies in charge, the whole thing appeared so dream-like that I could hardly help rubbing my eyes to know whether I was asleep or awake.

My new friends were aunt and niece, both from the Border State of Kentucky. Like many other families in that State, they had been on opposite sides during the war, the husband of the former being a Major in the Union army, that of the latter an officer in the Confederate service—after a separation of four years they had but just met each other again. The elder lady was one of those active, energetic people who take in hand all sorts of good things. During the war she had 204 been very busy in the hospitals, and she was now engaged on behalf of some society of ladies at Washington in distributing relief among the people of the South, and more especially among those families of the upper classes, of whom there were a considerable number, who had been reduced from affluence to poverty. Though her husband (who, by the way, was a Scotchman) had, owing to a feeling against slavery, taken the Northern side, yet she herself was an owner of slaves, and, in anything in which that institution was concerned, more Southern than Northern in her ideas. Among other odd notions which she propounded on the subject was that while it was quite allowable and proper for a lady to teach her own slaves, yet that she could not, without forgetting what was due to her sex and to her station, take part in the promiscuous teaching of coloured people. She gave me a curious account of

the bitterness of feeling among the Southern ladies with whom her work of benevolence brought her into contact. On certain occasions, when visiting houses at some distance from Raleigh, she had taken with her for escort her brother, who was an officer in the Federal service; but as at sight of the obnoxious uniform the ladies used all to bounce out of the room, she was obliged to leave him outside while she went in to do her business. “I wish the Yankees were all in hell, and I raking the coals,” was the remark of another young lady, belonging to “one of the first 205 families of North Carolina,” whom my friend had occasion to visit in the discharge of her duties. Now, the ladies in question had suffered rather cruelly, having had most of their furniture destroyed by the Northern soldiers; but, on the other hand, one of the Union generals had made this particular young lady a present of a carriage. So, on her giving utterance to the above unamiable observation, my friend, whose good humour never forsook her, retorted—“Not all of them; not the general who gave you the carriage?” “Yes, every one of them; him too.” “I wonder you took the carriage in that case.” “Well, I wouldn't,” she replied, “only that I wanted it so badly,” which seemed to shew no great spirit of self-sacrificing patriotism after all.

The younger lady, who was in ill health and in low spirits, took no part in the conversation; only after her aunt had been telling me various stories about the “rebels,” she at last said, “I don't like to hear you talk that way, you know I'm a rebel myself;” and the elder lady, who was the soul of good nature, immediately changed the conversation.

We arrived at Goldsborough at about eleven o'clock at night, and got rooms in one of the two hotels there. Early next morning I was aroused by a loud knocking at the door, and a voice exclaiming, “Breakfast is ready, and the ladies are waiting for you.” I thought it rather odd that 206 he ladies should, in consideration of my having escorted them from Raleigh, consider it necessary to wait breakfast for me; so I made answer that I was not up yet, and that I hoped the ladies would not think of waiting for me. “Oh! yes,” the voice replied, “the ladies *are* going to wait for you.” So I jumped up and dressed with the utmost expedition, and no sooner had I made my appearance down stairs than the landlord called a servant and sent up. a precisely similar message to the ladies—“Breakfast is ready, and

the gentleman is waiting for you." Presently an answer came to say that the ladies were very much fatigued, and wished to breakfast in their own room. So I perceived that the whole thing was a device of the landlord to make us all get up, and of course explained to the ladies at the first opportunity.

A miserable place enough is Goldsborough to spend a day in; it consists of a single street, many of the houses of which are nothing but mean one storied huts. An advertisement which caught my eye as I was strolling about the place, may serve to give some idea of the primitive state of things which exists in the interior of North Carolina. It was the advertisement of a magic lantern, "the most wonderful instrument of the age," to be exhibited in the town-hall, admission one dollar, children half-price. And yet even this little place has its daily paper, which, suspended during the war, had just then been re-established. Its prospectus, 207 announcing the principles upon which it would in future be conducted, fell into my hands. It undertook to advocate justice and protection to the negro in the enjoyment of his new rights as a free labourer; but pledged itself to uncompromising hostility to any attempt to place him on a footing of political equality with the white man, or indeed to give him any share in the government of the country. And this, so far as the better and more educated class are concerned, may be taken generally to represent Southern opinion.

We left at night for Wilmington, and a most fatiguing journey it consequently was for the poor invalid lady, in those cars, where there are no appliances for comfort, and where anything of a recumbent position is to be obtained with the utmost difficulty. Why some of the trains on this and other Southern lines should travel only by night I cannot conceive, unless it be, in the great scarcity of rolling stock, to get double work out of the carriages.

Wilmington—its occupation gone—wears a most forlorn and dilapidated look. Nothing seems to have been mended, nothing painted, and nothing washed, since the beginning of the war. Nor is there any of the dignity of desolation about it as there is about Charleston; while the one looks like a battered and maimed warrior, the other looks like a draggled

and dirty camp-follower. Nothing could be more dingy and dismal than 208 our hotel, with the paper peeling off the walls, the doors coming off their, hinges, and an allervading appearance of mouldiness and decay about the whole place; while, as for my bedroom, it was like the cell of a prison, minus its neatness, and plus a cuneiform piece of looking-glass on the wall.

Coming down the stairs, as I mounted to my room, I met a little boy singing a snatch of a wellknown air which he had picked up. “What's that you're singing?” cried a sharp female voice from a room above. “The Union for ever, mother,” replied the little fellow. “Then don't let me hear you sing that no more,” cried the voice in still sharper accents. Everywhere throughout the South one finds, as indeed might naturally be expected, that the most bitter feeling of hostility towards the North is among the women, who have nothing to do but to stay at home and nurse their wrath. I presume, however, that in the course of a few years this fierce hatred will subside into a sort of sentimental disloyalty, like that of Jacobite ladies in England towards the house of Hanover, and which is perfectly consistent with the most devoted loyalty towards each of its members in succession.

**CHAPTER XIX. CHARLESTON.**

It was a calm and beautiful Sunday afternoon as I stood on the Battery, once the favourite promenade of Charleston, and the place where, four years ago, a gay party of ladies and gentlemen assembled to make holiday over the first gun fired at Fort Sumpter. How changed was the scene now! Far away over the blue sea stood out in the distance against the clear sky the redoubtable fortress, over which the Union flag once more proudly waved. At a little distance from the shore—sunk down in the water till she looked like a low reef with a hut upon it, as indeed at first sight I took her to be—lay a Federal monitor. Behind me the elegant dwellings overlooking the bay were rent and torn by shells, and some of them lay in blackened heaps upon the ground. A group of negro children were playing with merry shouts upon one of the dismantled forts—two negro soldiers sat quietly reading their books at the bottom. A little further off was a group around a well, and a little

girl crying bitterly for the loss of her hat which had fallen in, and which a couple of Union soldiers were good-naturedly Q 210. trying to fish up for her. The gay groups were all gone —the beauty and fashion of Charleston were shut up at home in mourning—desolation and gloom reigned in the city of secession!

As I turned down the main street on my way back to the hotel, I met an old lady who, as I thought, spoke to me in passing. I stopped, thinking she perhaps wanted to ask her way, and said, “Did you speak to me?” “Yes,” she said, with an effort, “I asked you for assistance.” Struck with her appearance, which for all her dress of thread-bare black, was unmistakably that of a gentlewoman, I inquired her history. It was a sad story—she was a widow, whose two sons—“good sons as ever were”—had both fallen in the war, whose little home lay a blackened heap, and who now in her last days was driven out into the world to seek a precarious living by needle-work What she wanted was money to pay her rent—“not that her landlord was a harsh man”—how her anxiety to do him justice shewed the lady!—“no—he had said that come what might she should never be turned from the door, but he was a poor man himself, and it was hard upon him.” I told her how much I felt for her, and expressed my regret that not being a resident, but only a passing traveller from England, I was only able to give her temporary assistance. “Are you from England?” she said, “ah! so am I—my husband was a Major in 211 the Scots Greys, living at York; in an evil hour he left England for this country, where he died some years ago.” All her new griefs she had told me looking up into my face with tearless eyes, but the thought of her husband, and of her old home, opened a fountain not yet dried up, and she turned away her head and wept. Ah! little thought the gay group who gathered on the Battery to see the first gun fired on Fort Sumpter, what the bitter end would be! I was much pleased to read afterwards in the papers of the formation of a society for the especial relief of persons of her class in Charleston.

Tales of suffering seemed to pursue me, for the same evening, as I was smoking my cigar at the hotel, a gentleman came and sat down beside me, and, without preface or introduction, or any encouragement from me in the first instance beyond my listening

to him, though I soon became interested in his story, began to relate to me, in all its most circumstantial details, the tale of his losses and sufferings. He had been the Mayor of Cheraw, a place in South Carolina which was unfortunate enough to fall in the line of Sherman's march. On the approach of the Federal army he waited, in his official capacity of Chief Magistrate, upon the General in command, by whose orders guards were immediately placed at all the places requested. But even while he was yet arranging measures with the General for the protection of the town, the 212 alarm of fire was raised. His heart sank within him, for it was in the direction of his own store, one of the principal in the place; he hurried back only to find it in flames. I asked him if he had any opinion as to who were the authors of this and other fires,—whether the soldiers of Sherman's army, or the unattached followers of the army, or possibly mischievous persons in the place for the sake of plunder. He said that the fire broke out in the top story of the building while there was a sentinel on guard at the bottom, and that he could form no idea how or by whom it had been originated. Presently another and another building took fire; and while the Federal soldiers would be engaged in putting out the fires on one side of the street, house after house would burst into flames on the other. The difficulty of ascertaining the origin of the great fires which took place in some of the towns during Sherman's advance is rather a curious feature. Thus the question, who burned Columbia—whether Sherman the Federal, or Wade Hampton the Confederate—is to the present time a disputed point; and only the other day I read in the papers an account of a meeting held by the inhabitants for the purpose of investigating it. He went on to describe the state of terror which prevailed in his own residence, where, besides the ladies of his own family, several others had taken shelter as a presumably safe place, being the house of the chief magistrate. He went to the General in 213 command, who directed him to give a message in his name to the sentinel on guard on no account whatever to let any stranger come about the house. “I don't require to be told my duty,” said the Republican soldier rather sternly. “I didn't mean any offence,” said the poor man, anxious to propitiate his protector; “but the General told me to give you that message.” “I don't require *any man* to tell me my duty.” And well he did his duty too, for by his determination the house was no doubt saved from destruction, a

daring attempt being made to enter it in the course of the evening. All this and a great deal more my poor friend related to me with an earnestness of manner, and a minuteness of detail, which brought the scene vividly before my eyes; and having finished his story—the telling of which seemed to be somewhat of a relief to his mind—he went away, to tell it no doubt to somebody else.

There seemed to me to be a sort of stupefaction reigning over Charleston. Wanting to call upon General Saxton, to whom I had a letter of introduction, I got into a carriage and told the driver to take me to the Freedman's Bureau. He didn't know where it was—I gave him the name of the street, and there are not so many streets in, Charleston—he didn't know where that was—I told him it was near the Arsenal-Arsenal he knew where the Arsenal was, and in the course of time found the street. The next thing was to find the number, 214 but as very few houses in the street were numbered, we soon became confused. A man came out of his house to help us, and we appealed to him for information. He didn't know where the Freedman's Bureau was—he didn't know in what direction the numbers of the street ran, and when I at last asked him what the number of his own house was—after looking up at the front and not finding it there—he said he didn't know. Other people came out of their houses, and they all agreed that there was no Freedman's Bureau there, so at last in despair I drove back into the town and enquired from the first Federal officer I met. He told me that it was directly opposite the gate of the Arsenal, and so I went back up the same street, and there I found it, with a guard before the door, and all the other signs of a public office.

Again—I wanted to find the Bank of Charleston, at which the circular notes with which I was provided were made payable. I asked the clerk at the hotel—“I can tell you,” he said, “where it *was* , but where it is now is more than I can say.” I went to the place where it used to be, and which I found occupied by the Quarter-Master's department of the Federal forces. The officials there were unable to inform me, and in this street, the principal business street of the town, I asked all the most business-looking people I could find

without getting the desired information. And to this day, where the Bank of Charleston is, or whether there is 215 any Bank of Charleston, I have not the faintest idea.

While Richmond and Atlanta, and the other places which had been more or less laid in ruins, were being rapidly restored, not a finger seemed up to that time to have been raised for the purpose in Charleston. Everything lay in ruins as at first—not even a shell-hole seemed to have been stopped up. The only sign of awakening that I could perceive were two negro workmen painting and graining the interior of the Charleston Hotel, and there was generally a little crowd looking on at this new' and unwonted ceremony.

Amid the ruin and desolation of the place, what a grim irony there seemed in the following sign of a once merry barber still standing in one of the streets which had suffered the most from the bombardment—

“Stop! my good friend—feel thy classic chin— And if ‘shavo's’ the word, please enter in— Then of time should you have some to spare, None like to Saunders can cut your hair; Nor of good works ere flag in doing, Until you've tried his famed shampooing. And while for life we all are trying, Your humble servant lives by—dyeing.”

I visited the two very fine schools for coloured children, the one containing the children of the old free people, and the other those of the newly emancipated. The former, which is supported by the American Missionary Society, is under the 216 superintendence of Mr. Cardozo, a very intelligent coloured man educated in England, with twenty teachers under him; this school has about eight hundred children on the books. The other is supported by the New England Freedman's Aid Society, and has seven hundred children on the books, all belonging to the newly emancipated class. I happened to enter this school at the time when the roll was being called, and I was told by the superintendent that this first step, of getting the children to answer to their names, was one that was attended with the utmost difficulty. The plantation negroes were very much in the habit of giving their children the name either of their own master or of some neighbouring proprietor, which, of course, was

calculated to create confusion on account of the number bearing the same name, Then, in some cases they do not seem to have been very particular about having a name at all—naturally a man who was not his own property might feel it of small consequence to have a name to call his own—and so it sometimes happened that a child would give one name one day, and another name the next. And there was one amusing case of a little fellow who, on being asked his name, made answer, “Dunno, sah! but there's a boy jest gone out that knows” Between these children of the plantations and the children of the towns, who, even if they have had no special school teaching, have at least acquired a certain amount 217 of civilization and discipline, there is naturally a marked difference in aptness for acquiring letters; though, even under the most disadvantageous circumstances, the progress made was amply sufficient to indicate the capability of the race for receiving instruction.

Among the teachers in these schools there was one volunteer, a lady from Philadelphia, who gave her services without fee or reward. Another of the teachers, but duly salaried, was the wife of a captain in the Federal service stationed at Charleston, whose dignity, I apprehend, was not considered to be compromised by his wife's accepting such a position. A few others were young women of colour, who had been educated in Charleston; for Charleston seems in this respect to have been rather more liberal than some other places, the only restriction upon negro education being that the teachers should in all cases be white.

The former of the two schools above described was very fine building, originally the normal school of Charleston, and the occupation of which for its present purpose was, as I was informed, a very sore point among the Charleston people. Of course it is only reasonable that the coloured people of the place, bearing their share of the public burdens equally with the whites, should along with them be provided with school accommodation out of the common fund. But I must own that I do 218 not think it at all wise for the friends of the negro to seek to obtain for him temporary advantages or triumphs at the expense of embittered relations for the future; and while the authorities of Charleston might

reasonably have been required to provide other suitable accommodation, the particular building whose occupation was a source of bitter feeling might have been given up to its former purpose. On the same principle I think that pageants and demonstrations, such as that of the negroes at Richmond in honour of the day of emancipation, ought to be discouraged by their judicious friends, as tending only to keep up a feeling of irritation. After all that can be said and done, the two races must continue to live together as the weaker with the stronger, and the great point to be aimed at ought to be the establishment of friendly relations between them.

On the day before I left Charleston I witnessed a very interesting ceremony. It was the assemblage of three thousand coloured children, with their parents, to the number of about one thousand, in one of the churches of the town, to listen to an address from General Saxton. The General, who is greatly beloved by the coloured people, addressed them in very kind and feeling terms on the duties and responsibilities of their new position, and was listened to with the deepest attention by a most orderly and respectable assembly.

## CHAPTER XX. ON THE TRACK OF SHERMAN.

The road from Charleston to Augusta was crossed by the line of Sherman's march, and a gap of sixty miles in the railway, from Branchville to a place called Johnson's Turn-out, marked the broad line of devastation which his forces, advancing in four parallel columns, with a strong force of cavalry to operate on either flank, had been enabled to accomplish. And for myself, eighteen hours of bumping, and jolting, and flogging, and swearing, from eleven in the morning till five on the following morning, in an old army ambulance, along the most horrible roads that can well be imagined, gave me cause to remember Sherman. It was a great relief when, at one of our changes, we got a new driver who held the theory that “it war'nt no good to whip mules—talking to them was the only thing to make them go.” And indeed there seemed to be a great deal of truth in what he said, though it must be admitted that he did not confine himself altogether strictly to his own prescription. The endurance of these mules was something wonderful; we had one pair in the course of

the afternoon, which, as the driver told us, had already done 220 twenty-five miles in the morning, and after another fifteen did not seem very much the worse.

Presently we came to a stream, narrow but deep, over which two men, as a private speculation, had established a ferry. The raft which constituted their stock in trade, might have cost them about twenty pounds, and they were now, during the stoppage of the railway, taking, as we were informed, three pounds a day in tolls. Here we found two Yankee pedlars taking advantage of the stoppage to sell their wares to the people who were waiting for the ferry. They were doing a great trade in packets containing half a quire of paper, envelopes to correspond, ten receipts for making money, a breast-pin, and a medallion of Lincoln, all for twenty-five cents, or about nine pence. Everybody bought one, and our driver, who invested with the rest, though he spoke contemptuously of the breast-pin, the medallion, and the receipts for making money, seemed to think himself rather lucky on the whole in getting hold of the stationery.

It was not very long before an instance came before me of the manner in which the negro is habitually treated by the lower class of whites. Coming along the narrow road we met a team in charge of a negro, who happened to be a little distance behind. Our driver drew up—“What do you mean, you d—d nigger, by not being at the head of your mules? Don't you know that it was 221 only last week that a nigger got shot for running into the stage?” The case referred to, as far as I could make out, was one in which a negro, with a pair of mules, coming into collision with a stage, had one of his mules—not himself, as the above speech seemed to infer—shot by the driver. The poor man, thus harshly admonished, touched his hat in abject submission, and humbly promised to be more careful for the future.

In the afternoon we came upon the dismantled line of railway, and certainly most effectually had Sherman's soldiers done their work, each length of rail being not only torn up, but bent completely double, so as to make it impossible to relay it. This was

accomplished by making the rail red-hot in the middle, and then seizing it by the two ends with instruments made for the purpose, and twisting it up like a ribbon.

Close by the railway I saw the ruined residence of Mr. Sims, a wealthy proprietor of South Carolina, a man of letters, a writer of pleasant prose, and of smooth and elegant verse—as much of a poet in fact as slave institutions are capable of producing.

Mr. Gilmore Sims Author:

This used to be in old times one of the show places of slavery. Here was to he found the frank hospitality of the South graced with unwonted culture and refinement. Here was to be seen a fine and well-selected library, pleasure grounds arranged with elegance and care, well-fed and contented negroes, and the whole presided over 222 by a courteous and accomplished host. How changed was the scene now—the blackened walls of the ruined house rising grimly above the trees—the long grass waving upon the walks—the trampled rose-beds spreading in wild disorder—it was indeed a sad sight.

Of course such acts of vandalism one cannot too strongly condemn, but in all campaigns there are many things done which one cannot too strongly condemn. “War,” says Sherman in his remarkable letter to the authorities of Atlanta, justifying his destruction of that place, “is cruelty, and you cannot refine it.” And the longer the campaign lasts, the more feeble do the restraints of humanity become; thus the Federal soldiers began by burning the houses in which were found blood-hounds for hunting slaves, and ended by burning houses without any distinction. And though I believe that a great deal of the devastation which marked Sherman's march was caused, not by the regular soldiers of his army, but by a set of men called “bummers,” a sort of unlicensed foragers, or plunderers, who kept in advance of the main body, yet I hardly think that the destruction of a place like that of Mr. Sims, one of the magnates of the State which was the first to break up the Union, would be looked upon generally by the soldiers of the Northern army as anything else than a righteous judgment. But we must bear in mind that, if we may judge by the Southern papers, there were 223 many and bitter complaints of the conduct of their own soldiery

—the “Savannah Republican,” for instance, accuses the men of Hood's army of being more dreaded by the inhabitants than were the men of Sherman's army. As to the question whether a systematic devastation, like that of the Shenandoah valley, is anything more than is warranted by the stern laws of war, it is one that must be left to the calm judgment of history to decide. But it is rather remarkable that the two men, Sherman and Sheridan, from whose warlike operations the South has suffered the most, are the two who, of all the Northern leaders, are perhaps the most popular among the Southern people.

At this place, where we changed our mules, we found a stalwart farmer eagerly waiting for news of the proceedings of the State. It is curious to note how, throughout the South, the affairs of the nation and of the outside world seem to be considered as subordinate matters—the first question always asked is as to what the “State” is doing. I was not able to afford him any information as to the politics of the State, but I gave him the morning paper which I had brought from Charleston. “Ah! yes,” he said, “that's the paper I take in, but somehow or other I never get it.” I suspect he was one of that class to which one finds such earnest appeals made in the papers to pay up their subscriptions.

All through the clear, cold, quiet moonlight we 224 kept struggling on,—sometimes missing our way on the narrow, ill-defined track, and then with much ado scrambling back again to it from among the trees. And there was something striking, too, as I sat back in the waggon, gazing in a half dream through the opening in front, in watching the spectral illusions conjured up by the pale rays of the moon. Sometimes the road in front, with its billowy ruts, seemed to be a river streaming down upon us, white and foaming in the moonlight. Then the trees would form themselves into towers and spires, and it seemed hard to believe that we were not coming to a town. But never a town, and hardly ever a solitary house, did we come to in all that lonesome road; and I began to love towns, and houses, and people, better than ever I had done before. Then there came lines of pine trees, stripped and bare, that in the white ghostly light looked like the marble columns of Palmyra. And then sometimes, when we came to the camp-fire of some negro teamster, we would stop and warm ourselves for half an hour at the cheerful blaze, and then start on

our way again. Before daybreak we arrived at the railway station, and in a few hours more were landed in Augusta.

## CHAPTER XXI. GEORGIA.

Augusta is a neat and well-built town, with one very fine, wide street, the advantage of which is, that there is plenty of room for cows, pigs, and geese, to go about without interfering with the public convenience. Although to outward appearance a quiet-looking place, I do not think that it stands better in the annals of crime than other Southern towns. Horse-stealing in particular seems to prevail to a frightful extent throughout the South, and at Augusta as elsewhere, the columns of the newspapers were filled with advertisements, and the walls of the town covered with placards, offering rewards for the recovery of stolen horses. Nor axe other offences against person and property by any means scarce—the following advertisement, which I clipped out of one of the papers, would seem to shew that society must be in rather a demoralized state, when such humble appeals are made to the tender mercies of robbers.

TO BURGLARS AND HOUSE BREAKERS.

IF the parties who broke into my store on Thursday night will return the trunk and young ladies' clothing contained therein, or place it where I can get it, I will send its money value where they may direct—and the lady and myself thank them in the bargain, and no questions asked. R



But though crime in a large proportion of cases seems to escape detection, both in the South and in the more unsettled parts of the North, yet when it is brought to punishment, the penalties inflicted appear, at least as regards the minor offences, to be much more severe than they are with us. Thus out of a number of cases which I copied from the police reports in various places, I take the following. At Cincinnati, for an unprovoked assault upon a coloured man, and knocking out some of his teeth, a fine of four hundred dollars,

America during and after the war. By Robert Ferguson.. http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbtn.04120

or about £60, was inflicted, which, if we consider that in England a man can half murder his wife for £5, seems rather a heavy punishment. At Nashville, which has for some time had an evil pre-eminence for acts of violence, I find “interference with the police” visited with a fine of fifty dollars, or about £7. 10s., with costs; and “disorderly conduct” punished by a fine of twenty-four dollars, or about £3. 12s. At St. Louis, I find, among other cases, the crime of “vagrancy” punished by a fine of twenty-five dollars, or about £3. 15s. Happy country, where even a vagrant has £3. 15s. in his pocket!

It may, perhaps, be taken as an augury of a new state of things that on the cars between Augusta and Atlanta, on the Georgian Central Railway, I bought a copy of the “New York Tribune,” and though I had to pay fifteen cents for that which in New York sells for five, I had no reason to think that the extra ten cents was 227 laid on as a tax upon Abolitionism; for I had paid a shilling for a copy of “Punch” in Augusta the day before; and, indeed, in America, as a rule, the price of all newspapers increases in proportion to the distance from the place of publication. Thus that which in New York is published at five cents, will sell perhaps in Washington for seven, in Richmond for ten, and in places further south according to distance.

For anything in the shape of literature beyond their own rather meagre daily sheets, the people of the South must be mainly dependent upon the North. And in particular the two illustrated papers, “Harper's Weekly” and “Frank Leslie's Journal”—both advocating liberal and anti-slavery, though not extreme, opinions—force their way by their cheapness, and by the natural love which all men have for pictures. Various attempts have been made in the South to get up journals which shall take a high literary position, and, at the same time, adapt themselves exclusively to Southern modes of thinking. In vain: without freedom of thought there is no high standard of literature. It must be admitted, however, that some of the Northern papers which circulate the most largely in the South—such as “The Metropolitan Record and New York Vindicator,” and the “New York Freeman's Journal,” both organs of the extreme Democrat party, and the latter at least an Irish journal—are more ferociously pro-slavery, or rather 228 now anti-negro, than the Southern papers

themselves. For, while the latter have generally, from their own point of view, a kind word to say for the negro, the former are full of nothing but a blind, bitter, Irish hate.

“What's the best hotel here?” I asked of one of my fellow-passengers as the brain drew up amid the ruins of Atlanta. “The best hotel here,” said he, naming it with a shudder, “is the most horrible hole you were ever in in the whole course of your life.” “Softly, my friend,” thought I, “you perhaps do injustice to my experience.” And, indeed, the place, though rough enough, was not by many degrees the worst that I had been lodged in. Certainly my heart did rather sink within me when I was ushered into a sleeping room containing half a dozen beds; but I selected the smallest, and had it to myself.

Atlanta, the great centre of the Southern railway system, is too important a place to remain long in ruins. On all sides the work of restoration was being vigorously carried on, and the place was rising from its ashes in a handsomer and more substantial shape than before.

Great numbers of negroes had congregated here during the unsettled period which followed immediately on the termination of the war. The greater part had returned to their plantations, or had been drafted to various other places, but a few were still to be seen squatting among the ruins, and hardly a 229 day passed without, as I was told, the murder of some one or other of these unfortunate people. “The way of it is, you see,” said a Georgian merchant with whom I entered into conversation on the cars, “that these people have no regular way of getting a livelihood, and so they make away with anything that comes in their way—the people of the place won't stand this, so they spot them down and then go at night and shoot them.” And this he related to me without apparently seeing anything very horrible about it. Several of these wretched beings died in the street; the same gentleman told me that, but a short time before, he used to see one lying sick in a thorough-fare, by which he had to pass daily—and there the sick man lay, begging bread and water from the passers-by until he died.

At the period of my visit the relations between the freed people and their employers were in a more than usually unfavourable condition, a wide spread idea having sprung among the negroes that they were to have lands of their own assigned to them at Christmas, which, as the expected time drew nigh, naturally threw them into an unsettled state. And the planters, whose faith in the working of free labour was never very great, making no allowance for the particular circumstances of the time, seemed to have lost heart altogether. At this time the planters seemed to be placing their hopes to a great extent on. the immigration of 230 white labourers, and by means of agents at New York were making strenuous exertions to obtain German or other emigrants. To some extent they had succeeded, though one would think that the terms offered—thirty to thirty-five shillings per month, with negro lodging and negro fare—would hardly make the poor emigrants realize the land of promise. But the Germans resident in Alabama, who seemed to think that their inexperienced countrymen were being entrapped into hard bargains, and who, perhaps, did not in any case much like the idea of Germans doing plantation work, interfered and spoiled the game. I cannot but think, however, that such an admixture of white labour would have had a very favourable effect upon the negro, who has always hitherto been accustomed to see labour looked upon as the peculiar badge of his own servitude.

It seems to me that the difficulties of the planter arise in many cases from his refusal or inability to adapt himself to the feelings, or it may be the prejudices, of the coloured people. I met one who was loudly lamenting his inability to obtain labourers, though he had gone so far as to offer them half the crop. I asked him what they wanted. He said that what they wanted was “something certain;” and I could hardly say that they were wrong in so doing, though, perhaps, it was just the thing which he was least able to offer. Probably it might be the scarcity of ready money 231 which induced so many of the planters to try to bargain with their hands for a certain proportion of the crop, which, though a very fair arrangement when mutual confidence has once been established, seemed at that time to be rather premature. Certain it is that the planters who were at that time the most successful in obtaining hands were those who—the example, I think, being set by

Northern men, adopted the principle of paying their labourers at the close of each day. Since the time of my visit, however, the idea which was so generally prevalent among the negroes that they were to have lands of their own having been dispelled, there has been a more general readiness to enter into contracts for labour, and the estimate of the forthcoming crop has, notwithstanding various unforeseen drawbacks arising out of the long interruptions, such as failure of the seed to germinate, been consequently doubled.

**CHAPTER XXII. ALABAMA.**

The train in which I travelled from Atlanta to Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, consisted of one car, duly fitted up with cushions and comforts for ladies, and the rest, goods trucks fitted up with rough deal seats for the other passengers. This separation of the sexes, necessitated as it seemed in most cases by the want of rolling stock, appeared to be a new feature in the South, and I found in one of the Southern papers the following vigorous protest against it. “This sorting out of the flock—putting the ribbons in one car, and the whiskers in another—while it fails to benefit the ribbons, is a positive damage to the whiskers. Pen men together, and if they do not behave like cattle it will be in spite of the pen. Ladies sprinkled through the car put the entire train upon its honour, give it a human, home-like look, refine travel, and elevate the car from a common carrier to an educator.” This, though written somewhat in what the Americans would call the “highfaluten style,” has a good deal of truth in it. But I own that I should have been rather afraid to have risked the “educator” in the company of sóme of the young men whom we took up before reaching 233 Montgomery. They were the first specimens of Southern rowdyism that I had seen, and certainly a set of more unmitigated blackguards it would not be easy to find anywhere. Screeching, scuffling, cursing and swearing, and yelling out snatches of camp songs, of one of which, enumerating the virtues of the various Southern States, I remember two lines that may be considered not unfit to quote—

“Here's a health to old Kentttuk, Where a man may got well stuck”—

they had it all their own way, notwithstanding the disgust and annoyance of the rest of the passengers, until they chose to get off the train. One could hardly help regretting that the war had not taken them in place of better men.

One of the disagreeable features of Southern travelling was that when, after a long and tedious journey, you arrived at your destination, instead of the rest and comfort to which you naturally felt that your endurance had entitled you, there was often a rush and a scramble for room at the hotel, in which casual travellers like myself generally came off the worst. While waiting to know how I was to be disposed of in the hotel at Montgomery, I fell into conversation with a man who had been a sergeant in an Alabama regiment, had been through the greater part of the war, had been twice taken captive, and had formed a pretty good acquaintance with the Northern prisons. No one 234 expects a prisoner to be very enthusiastic about his prison, but he admitted that in the more permanent places of confinement there was no great fault to find with the treatment, and certainly none with the diet. But of some of the temporary prisons he made bitter complaint, and in particular of having on one occasion, when caught beyond the prohibited line, been compelled by the negro sentinel, in a freak of rather profane humour, to kneel down and make a prayer, with a revolver at his head, and then get up and perform a dance. Remembering, however, the “dead line” in the horrible den at Andersonville, which many a poor fellow met his death for inadvertently crossing, I could not feel so much pity for him as he seemed to expect. Indeed, it was difficult to suppress a smile—though I own the penance must have been sufficiently galling—at the idea of my sedate and respectable friend performing the required shuffle—the absurdity of the thing being further heightened by the extreme gravity with which he related it.

It was late at night when one of the negro servants of the hotel came up to me where I was sitting, and said, “You've to sleep with Mr. Potts, Sar.” “Mr. Potts,” I naturally said, “who is Mr. Potts?” “Dunno, Sar; but the Clerk says you have to sleep with him.” “Not if I know it,” said I, for this was the only thing against which I always made a determined stand—“Give

my compliments to the Clerk, and tell him that I intend 235 to sit up by the fire all night." This, however, I was not required to do; for in the end I unexpectedly got by my holding out, not only a bed to myself, but even a room, which possibly the Clerk may have kept open to the last on the chance of some friend of his own requiring accommodation.

As I was walking up the street on the following morning, I noticed in a bookseller's shop a lithographed fac-simile of the original Secession Ordonnance of the State of Alabama. So thinking I would like to add it to my collection of curiosities, along with a Confederate bond for a thousand dollars, in which I had invested five dollars at Richmond, and some other souvenirs of the Rebellion, I went in and asked the price. "Well," said the man, "the author used to get three dollars for it once, but I reckon he will be glad enough to let you have it for one dollar now." So I paid my dollar, thinking as I did so that the enthusiasm of the State must have been at a red-hot point when people were found to give nine shillings for that little bit of lithographed paper.

The legislature of Alabama happened to be at that time in session, and I listened for some time to its proceedings. The place in which they were assembled was furnished in a primitive style enough. The door was kept by a negro in his shirt-sleeves; on each side of the Speaker's chair stood a bucket of water, with a ladle, out of which any member when thirsty, (and tobacco-chewers 236 are always thirsty), went and took a drink, pouring out the remainder as a libation, into a tub placed below for the purpose.

One of the bills before the house was for the purpose of prohibiting intermarriage between white and coloured people throughout the State, on penalty of imprisonment for the white, and branding and whipping for the coloured person. The same act also punished any *liaison* between persons of the different races, with imprisonment and a fine of one thousand dollars in the case of the white, and one hundred lashes on the bare back in the case of the coloured person of either sex. The bill had not yet been passed, and I have not since heard anything further about it, but judging by the remarks made upon it in the papers, it would seem to be quite in accordance with the public opinion of the State—the

only suggestion that I saw made in respect to it being that, in deference to Northern ideas of equality, *both* parties should be flogged.

This senseless and barbarous measure, under which a coloured woman would be liable to be flogged for having been seduced by a white man, was of course framed on the ground that the abolition of slavery rendered penal enactments necessary to prevent the deterioration of the race by miscegenation.

Now this serves to illustrate a subject on which one often hears opinions passed very glibly in 237 England. Nothing used to be more common than to hear the assertion made that the condition of the negro was better in the Southern States as a slave than in the Northern States as a free man. Now, though I consider it quite a sufficient general answer to point to the numberless instances of slaves who, at the risk of their lives, have fled away from the South to the North, and to challenge the production of a single instance of a slave who has voluntarily gone back, yet I wish to go a little more deeply into the subject.

Between the two races, in the old time of slavery, there was a great gulf fixed. The negro was beneath antipathy,—even as a dog is—the master might treat him with as much familiarity as he liked—he might pet him as he would his dog. The antipathy of the North is a proof that the negro has risen in the scale of humanity, and puts in to a certain extent a claim to equality.

Now we in England, having no negroes, can afford to be very free from prejudice in the matter. We receive the stray black man who comes among us, generally a man of exceptional qualities, with kindness flavoured with curiosity, and then thank God that we are not like those Americans. Ah! yes—it is an easy thing to give a breakfast now and then to a black Bishop—but what if we had a million negroes “knocking at the door?” I take the ground then that on the whole the negro is treated in the North just as well as under the same 238 circumstances he would be either by ourselves, or by any other branch of our haughty race—and in New England, where he has equal civil and political rights,

very much better. The antipathy of colour is an instinct implanted for the preservation of our race; and it is wrong only in its excess. Of course it is desirable that there should be just antipathy enough kept up to prevent mixing of the races, and nothing more; but men cannot always hit the just medium, and no doubt it has on many occasions been painfully exceeded. But all the tendency in the North during the last four years has been to relax the social bann, the State of Massachusetts having even gone so far as to legislate against the exclusion of coloured people from places of public resort. But even at the worst, can any reasonable person pretend to compare exclusion from carriages, or theatres, or hotels, with the deprivation of all civil and personal rights which existed in the slave States as they were, or with the harsh penal enactments, such as that to which I have just referred, which are proposed under the new state of things?

## CHAPTER XXIII. FENIANISM IN AMERICA.

“What's this Fenianism I hear so much talk about?” I overheard a gentleman say to his fellow-travellers on the railway between Lynchburg and Washington—“I have been out of the country for some time, and I'm not posted up in what's going on.” His fellow-travellers proceeded to explain to him that the object of Fenianism was the overthrow of British rule, and the establishment of independence in Ireland. “Well, but how is that to be done?” was his next enquiry. This question was not quite so easy to answer, but they explained to him that it was presumed that the organization would supply money, leaders, and arms, and that the Irish themselves would do the rest. The conversation went on for some time, and then an old gentleman sitting in a corner said—“Well, I reckon the real object is to raise a lot of money, and then have the fingering of it.”“That's about it,” said another, and then they all laughed. I refer to the above conversation, because it represents, according to my belief, the general opinion of the more intelligent Americans as regards Fenianism in one of its phases. Mr. Lawrence Oliphant has justly characterised another, in saying 240 that Fenianism can never make general progress in America, because the Fenians have no gentlemen among them. And it may therefore reasonably be conceived that a cause which

has got George Francis Train for its apostle, is not likely in that point of view to command their sympathy or respect.

Nevertheless there is a party in America which does pat Fenianism on the back—which cannot help doing so—and that party is the Democratic party. The Irish in America have always been distinguished for their bitter hatred to the Negro; and the Democratic party have always been disposed to compromise with the South upon the question of slavery. Therefore the Democrats have always bid for the Irish vote, and they have always got it. So that they cannot afford now to turn their backs upon their friends, and although some of the more respectable of the party by no means approve of this coquetting with Fenianism, and would, if the thing came to an issue, break with their party upon it, yet the thing will not come to any issue, and the party will continue to make things pleasant with their Irish allies. On the other hand, the New England, or Anti-slavery party is that which, allied to England by common sympathies and principles, has always disdained to cater for the Irish vote. This, as Mr. Conway has observed in the “Fortnightly Review,” has in time past been a source of weakness to the party, and now that it has triumphed in spite of it, however deeply it may 241 feel the alienation of most of its English allies during the crisis of its own great struggle, it is not likely to seek consolation in an Irish alliance. In proof of this, listen to Mr. G. F. Train's denunciation of the people of Boston in one of his Fenian harangues: —“They are a race of toadies. Their merchants toady to Barings; their judges toady to the Queen's Bench; their Harvard University toadies to Cambridge and Oxford; their politicians toady to Exeter Hall. Boston is the shadow of England.” This may seem crazy rant, but it serves at last to shew who, in the opinion of the party of which Mr. Train is one of the principal leaders, are the friends of England. Take, again, the “New York World,” the leading Democrat organ of America, in one of its articles in support of Fenianism. Who, it asks, are the persons who would regret a war with England? They are Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and the friends of Exeter Hall. It is well, then, that we should know who are our friends, and perhaps, also, that we should bear in mind that they are *not* the party whom we supported during the late war.

It may not improbably be the case that an outside observer, such as I was, might be disposed to form an unduly contemptuous opinion of Fenianism in America. It seemed to me to exist as a sentiment: wherever I went I found Fenian balls and Fenian concerts; they appeared to be dancing, and singing, and flirting, and wearing S 242 national dresses, leaving somebody else to do the fighting. I remember being very much amused by a placard I saw at Washington, two lines of poetry on which caught my eye—

“And shall old Ireland die, and must old Ireland die? Three hundred thousand Fenian men will know the reason why.”

Now, thought I, this seems to be something to the point, and I will know “the reason why.” So I read on—“Grand Fenian Ball—Gentlemens' tickets so much—Ladies' tickets so much —dancing to commence at such an hour.” And that seemed to be the sort of thing that was going on everywhere.

I happened to be at New Orleans during the time when a grand Mass Meeting was held for the purpose of introducing Fenianism into that city, and I went to look on at the proceedings. On arriving at the place punctual to time, and finding a crowd no greater than may be seen anytime in Cheapside to watch Mr. Bennett's clock strike, I began to think I must have made a mistake in the locality. But a green flag being presently exhibited, and a band stationed in the balcony of the hotel striking up “Sprigs of Shillelagh,” all doubt on the subject was removed. The meeting having been further advertised by the sending up of rockets in the street, the crowd kept slowly increasing, till there might be about five hundred persons present, and the proceedings commenced. The audience was 243 almost exclusively composed of Irish, of the class apparently of labourers and porters, but respectable in appearance, and it is but justice to them to say, most quiet and orderly in their behaviour. The first speaker was a Colonel Conklin, whose chief object seemed to be to shew his own learning, inasmuch as he gave us an epitome of the history of Ireland from its earliest period. The oppressions of England, and the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland during past ages, were dwelt upon in detail; but when he came to the present

time, and I became anxious to hear the existing grievances of Ireland fairly brought before an American audience, all that I could make out was that England had done all in her power to starve Ireland during the potatoe famine—that the Queen had insulted the Irish people by the donation of £500, and that Ireland contained mines of rich ores, and of rare jewels, which the jealousy of England prevented her from developing. Another remarkable statement which he made ought not to be overlooked, more particularly as it seemed to meet with the full approval of the porters of New Orleans, and that was, that “an Irishman is as much superior to an Englishman as the American is to the Hottentot.” Surely no one but an Irishman could stand up and say such words, speaking all the time the very language which this wretched and inferior race had imposed upon him, and from the spell of which, not the distance of four thousand miles had been able to free him.

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The next speaker, and the orator of the evening, was Mr. Lynch, the Attorney-General of Louisiania. Now, “Attorney-General of Louisiania” has rather a big sound, and it seems that the “Times” had previously been commenting upon his connection with the movement, —probably taking him to be a much greater man than he is, and at any rate overlooking the fact that as an officer of the State he is not responsible to the Federal Government. But this attack was a great thing for Mr. Lynch, as it gave him the opportunity to “stand before this meeting and defy the London ‘Times’;” and all this, as introducing something of an international element into the proceedings, seemed to give a higher character to the meeting. But Mr. Lynch had got his speech up very elaborately before hand, and unfortunately he had taken just the same line as the previous speaker; so that we were treated to a second epitome of the history of Ireland from the earliest period, to which the audience listened with unequalled patience, cheering vociferously whenever they caught the name of any one of their traditioned heroes. But when he also came to the present time—and I was all attention to hear, from a man whom I supposed to have a certain legal and political standing, something more definite as to the wrongs of Ireland—all the charge that he had to make against England was relative to the sending out of the Alabama to

prey upon the commerce of the United States. And in 245 New Orleans, the first city of the Confederacy, these remarks were received with cries of approval. Mr. Lynch then went on to tell his hearers that all the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland were in their favour, and were only waiting to see if the movement was a real one before they pronounced—that the Government of the United States—he knew that as a fact—was on their side, and that General Sheridan, the governor of the city, and the *beau sabreur* of the American army, was every inch a Fenian. And he concluded his harangue by proposing that they should all march in procession to General Sheridan, residence and give him a serenade.

Now, this was a very injudicious proceeding. He might tell them that the Irish priesthood were on their side, and there was no one there to undeceive them; he might claim the Government for their allies, and it would not be worth the while of any one to contradict; but when he assured them that the governor of the city was heart and soul with them, and proposed to go and serenade him, that was bringing the thing to perhaps rather a dangerous test.

However, the proposal was received with enthusiasm, and the procession, preceded by the band, started. for the residence of General Sheridan. I, along with a few others, gentlemen of the town and officers of the army, who seemed to be there from curiosity, accompanied it on the side-walks, 246 resisting the strenuous attempts made by some of the leaders, who evidently grudged sorely to see so much respectability wasted, to stick us into the procession. Although it was then the middle of December, the night was deliciously soft and balmy, and we had a pleasant march of a mile to the house of General Sheridan. How charming these suburban dwellings are, with their pretty southern verandas, their trees and their trailing flowers, and their strange tropical plants. The procession halted before the door; the leaders sent in their compliments, and the band struck up an Irish air. There was evidently a commotion in the house: we could see lights dancing about, and hear a running up and down stairs. Presently the figure of an officer was seen descending the stair. “Here he is! here's the General! Now then!” But the incipient cheer died on their lips, as an aide-de-camp advanced to the door and said—“

General Sheridan is not at home. ” So they marched off rather crest-fallen, and proceeded to the offices of the various newspapers, each of which they serenaded in turn. But the newspapers generally gave them rather the cold shoulder too, in their morning's report; and altogether, so far as enlisting any but the Irish themselves in the cause, the thing was a dead failure.

I repeat then that Fenianism in America, so far as its present phases are concerned, whether we look at the character of the men, such as Fernando 247 Wood, and G. F. Train, who are its political chiefs, or at its childish exhibition of national vanity, or at its wretched squabbles and intrigues over the money collected from its dupes, is calculated to create a feeling of utter contempt, not only on the part of an English observer, but also on the part of the Anglo-Americans themselves. And yet it is no less true that it presents real and serious features of danger to both countries. It is not the danger of an invasion of Ireland, or even that of Canada that we have to fear. It is the existence of a large and rapidly increasing population in America, inspired with a feeling of bitter hostility to England; and of a political party ready to make capital by truckling to it. Ireland is a source of weakness and danger to America, no less than to England. And the best safe-guard for both countries consists in closer bonds of union between the Englishmen of the old country, and the Yankees, who are the Englishmen of the new. For, be it known to those who have made use of the term, not always in a respectful sense, that the word “Yankees” (and properly it has no singular) is nothing more than an imperfect attempt of the Indian to designate the “English.”

But though in the exhibition of Fenianism there is so much to excite nothing but contempt, yet the feeling of the thoughtful traveller must often be more akin to sadness. So it was when I said to a civil and friendly porter who came to my 248 assistance at the St. Charles Hotel, at New Orleans—“You're from the old country, it seems to me,” and with a touch of something like bitterness, he replied—“And its thankful I am to be in a country that's so much better.” The grievances of Ireland may be in the main such as no legislation can

remove, yet if we ask ourselves whether everything has been done that it was possible to do, we can hardly answer, yes.

**CHAPTER XXIV. ON THE MISSISSIPPI.**

The steam-boat of the Mississippi, with its three huge tiers rising one above another, reminds one of the frame-work of society. On the lowest stage of all, grimy and gloomy, the workers toil and sweat. Above, in the long saloon, flaunting in paint and gold, the upper ten thousand loll at their ease, and eat and drink and gamble. At the top of all are the governors, the captain and the officers, who from their elevated post, guide the machine, and look out for danger a-head.

It is a striking thing, particularly at night, to go down from the saloon, flaring with lights, and filled with gay groups, to the rough and murky world below. All on this deck is open to the view—the stage above being supported on pillars—and, looking down the long colonnade, the eye can at once take in all the scene. Along the sides, the engines stretch out their long arms and work at their everlasting cranks. In front are the furnaces, ever opening and shutting their fiery mouths; and the stokers, constantly feeding them from the piles of wood that lie around. Beyond—among the bales and the piles of merchandize, 250 black figures lie coiled up in innumerable corners, while at the further end stand the horses and the closely-packed herds of patient cattle.

Suddenly there looms up against our stern the huge front of a rival boat, glaring upon us out of the darkness like a pursuing monster, with her fiery eyes. The apparition makes a stir, for ours is a boat that is to be passed only by a given few. The red mouths open and shut more quickly—the billets fly thicker—the men stand up to their work more briskly—the pulse of the boat beats faster. From all sorts of holes and corners black figures come creeping out to take a look. The engineer puts out his head, with one sharp, eager glance—he knows the boat—she must pass him—he accepts his destiny—he takes his head back.

Generally speaking, the relative speed of the various boats is known and acknowledged, and in such case there is no room for rivalry. It is when a new boat is put on, and the supremacy of the river is challenged, that you will have the chance of a terrific race. For, rather than lower his flag to the stranger, without a desperate struggle, the old champion of the river will end his career of glory by an honourable blow-up. It is all very well to sit at home and talk of “criminal recklessness,” but on that dreadfully dull Mississippi I really often found myself longing for the excitement of a race, and quite angry with the boats we passed for taking the go-by so tamely. And surely a race 251 between two of those splendid boats—flying down the river together neck and neck—all alive with men and women in a state of frantic excitement—must be one of the grandest things in life. Frightfully dangerous, of course—but you cannot expect to have amusement of the highest order without danger.

I do not know what is the specific gravity of the water of the Mississippi, but one may have a pretty good idea of the amount of mud which it contains, by the fact that the fire-engines which, when tested at New York, throw a column of water to the height of two hundred and twenty-five feet—at New Orleans throw only to the height of one hundred and seventy-five feet. It had certainly a most unpleasant look when put before us at dinner—I wonder that among the appliances of these splendid boats they have no such things as filters, for certainly those tumblers of dirty water had rather an incongruous look in the midst of an otherwise admirable spread.

On the morning of the third day we arrived at Vicksburg, where I had to change boats for Memphis; and as the other boat was not to leave till the afternoon, I had time for a few hours on shore. Vicksburg, which suffered considerably during the war, has a most miserable and dilapidated look In any other country it would have looked picturesque, but a town in America never can look picturesque. It may have all the usual 252 elements —it may be in a fine situation—it may be shattered to ruins, or mouldering to decay, but it always looks something else than picturesque. And the people too—those idle whites

that loaf about the Southern towns—they never get to look picturesque, as lazy people do in other places, as for instance, Italy. And the reason perhaps may be, that ruin, and decay, and idleness, are contrary to the genius of America. I am bound to say, however, that there was one symptom of life in Vicksburg, and that was a bookseller's shop, well supplied with Northern newspapers and periodicals, the inevitable “Mutual Friend,” and another English work, Mr. Alexander Smith's “Summer in Skye,” which seems to be very popular in America.

Returning to the river with an arm-full of newspapers, I saw on coming to the top of the bank, my steamer slowly backing out of her berth. As I had been most positively assured by the constituted authorities on board that she would not sail till two o'clock, and as it still wanted two hours of that time, I concluded that she was performing some incidental manœuvre, Nevertheless, it was not one of the sort of things that a traveller can take coolly, and so, scampering down the bank, and running out along a landing-stage, I succeeded in leaping into her as she passed. She cleared out of her berth—turned her head up the stream, and went on her way to Memphis. And thus, by a lucky two minutes, I saved my passage money and 253 my baggage. Did I go and scold the misleading clerk, and threaten to write to the papers as one would have done in England? No—there is no vengeance which can reach the clerk of a Mississippi steam-boat. So I lighted a cigar—opened a newspaper—and thanked my stars.

Would you like to have an idea of the elevated position in which the Captain and the Clerk of a Mississippi steam-boat stand with regard to the rest of the world—of the way in which the Editors court and flatter them, and of the reception which your complaint would be likely to meet with if you were to “write to the papers,” read the following which I clipped from a Memphis paper, and which is simply the notice of the sailing of a boat for Louisville.

“Bright and early this morning the gay, green penant of the favourite steamer *St. Patrick* will dance in the breeze at the levee. This staunch and beautiful steamer will load for

Cairo, Evansville, and Louisville, departing at five o'clock in the afternoon, prompt to the hour, as she always does.

“‘'Tis fame that a man puts on himself, is best That he may call his own.’”

Such is the fame enjoyed and won by Captain George O Hart, by his indefatigable exertions as an officer, based upon a thorough and complete knowledge of the duties of his position, and his genial, happy influence in intercourse that has brought his name to a point of endearment with his legion of friends. This is saying a good deal, but we could tell of times when his big heart, at the call of charity, thumped a kink into his elbow, his hand got into his pocket, and when it came out something was done, which out of delicacy to the Captain we here omit mentioning.

“There's many a battered tile, however, shading the eyes of 254 those who can never think of him without a manly tear, but

“‘Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays: Who well deserves, needs not another's praise.’”

“In the office will be found Mr. Bruce C. Alvord, officiating in that correct and courteous style, spoken of by one Goldsmith—

“‘His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand: His manners were gentle, complying and bland.’”

“As a business man Mr. Alvord's ability needs no commendation, as the records of his past character, endorsed by all who ever had any transactions with the boat fully attest, and of either it may be said—

“‘Describe him who can, An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man.’”

“The *St. Patrick* is the favourite steamer of Memphis, the pride of its officers, and the admiration of its patrons. Officered with such men, with her glorious reputation for speed and security, and the good stage of water that exists in the Ohio, she will start with a full cabin, a full cargo, prompt to the minute, and make still another addition of success to those names that are among those that must not wither.”

This would seem pretty “tall” language to describe the starting of a steamer, but there is nothing at all exceptional about it. Another Memphis paper in announcing the same departure, refers to the “invincible scribe, the good-looking and polite Bruce Alvord, who continues to do the honours of the office,” and describes the clerk of another boat about to sail for the White River, as “the accomplished gentleman, and correct accountant, Milt. R. Harvey.”

We stopped at Helena, and took in a number of passengers, one of whom, picking me out as if by a sort of instinct from the crowd of Southerners, came and sat down beside me and entered into 255 conversation. He was a Northern farmer from Indiana, who had been to Helena for the purpose of settling the affairs of a deceased friend who had gone into the cotton-planting there about two years ago, along with many other Northern men. The high rent paid for the fine cotton lands of the Mississippi, amounting to thirty dollars, or about £4. 10s. per acre, and the rate of labour, twenty dollars per month, or double what is paid in some of the interior districts, did not leave a sufficient margin for casualties, which had occurred to rather an unusual extent during those two years. So that upon the whole the cotton growers had only just made ends meet, and nothing more. And he himself, after balancing matters in his own mind, had come to the conclusion to give up his original intention of engaging in cotton growing, and to remain in Indiana, where he was doing moderately well.

He gave an interesting account of General Pillow, formerly in military command at Vicksburg, and now the leading proprietor at Helena. Wisely accepting the situation, and foreseeing how much the future of the South must depend upon a labouring class drilled

into habits of industry, thoughtfulness, and providence, the General had thrown himself with all his energy into the cause of negro education. He had erected a fine school-house for the negro children on his own estate, and was working cordially hand-in-hand with the 256 officers of the Freedman's Bureau in all their efforts for the mental and moral improvement of the coloured people. Who can say how much the example of one or two such men, who have strength to see through the mists of the old prejudice, may effect for the regeneration of the South!

**CHAPTER XXV. ACROSS TENNESSEE.**

I wanted to go from Memphis to Nashville, and I found by the map that there were two different lines of railway to that place. Selecting that which appeared to be the shorter, the Memphis and Ohio, I asked the clerk at the Gayozo House if it was open, to which he replied that it was. So I went to the station, and—there being no booking-office—asked the Conductor, to whom the fares were to be paid, if I could book through to Nashville. He informed me that there was a break of fifteen miles in the railway, and that I could only book to a place called Brownsville, about fifty miles off, where I would have no difficulty in getting a conveyance to take me to the place where the railway was resumed. So I travelled in the train to a place called Big Hatchie, where the communication was stopped by a broken bridge, and thence, being ferried across the river, continued along the line for five miles in a truck drawn by mules to the village of Brownsville. Here I was informed that the gap was at least forty miles, and that it would be impossible, in any conveyance that the place would afford, to do it in less than two days. So I T 258 concluded that, on the whole, the best course would be to return to Memphis, and take the other route. I spent the night at a little inn kept by a man who also officiated as doctor to the village, and started on the following morning to return to Memphis.

I got upon the top of a truck filled with bales of cotton to proceed to the station at Big Hatchie. On the truck were a number of field negroes, with whom I entered into conversation. “How are you getting along, boys?” I said, “now that you are free.” “O, pretty

well," replied one of them, "but they still beat us sometimes." Presently, judging from my remark that I was a Northerner, one of them asked me if I thought the Government was going to do anything for them. "In the way of giving you lands?" replied, "no—I reckon not." "Well," he said, "I think at any rate the men who have fought for their country ought to have lands given them." I asked him where the lands were to come from. His answer came quite pat—"The people of the South are rebels, and so all the land now belongs to the Government, and they can do what they like with it." The great wish of the coloured people, he said, was to have land in their own hands, but the proprietors would not lease it to them on any terms. It may be very doubtful, at any rate in the present state of the labour question, whether the gratification of such a wish would be productive of good results.

The conversation then turned upon a more 259 agreeable subject, the approaching Christmas feast, for which they were all beginning to make provision. One had got a goose, another a turkey, and I was rather amused at the idea put forward by one of them, who seemed to be looked up to by his companions as an authority, that it was a very foul thing to eat barn-door poultry without previously keeping them for some time in a coop, in order, as he phrased it, to "get the dirt out of their flesh."

We arrived at the river at eight a.m., in time to get our cotton ferried across, and made ready for the train which was due at ten, and which was a mixed train, carrying goods and passengers, or as they rather oddly termed it, an "excursion" train. Ten o'clock came, but no train, and there we had to wait till four o'clock in the afternoon, sitting in the open air, for there was not a house within sight. At four o'clock, when we had begun to despair, the train made its appearance, having, it seems, got off the rails about three miles out of Memphis. By seven o'clock we had accomplished five and twenty miles, or about half our journey, when the conductor looked in and told us that he and the other railway people were going to get their supper, and that the train would have to wait about half-an-hour for them. On hearing the word supper, some of the passengers, who had got nothing to eat since the early morning, made a move in that direction, but were promptly repulsed by the conductor, who told them that 260 there was no supper for anybody but himself and

fellow officials. So the conductor, the engine-driver, and the stoker, all went off, leaving the engine with its steam blowing off, and without anybody to look after it, and stayed away the best part of an hour. When they came back we made another start, and in the course of three hours more had arrived within three miles of Memphis, and the passengers were just beginning to arrange to walk in a body from the station for mutual protection (for Memphis, like most other Southern towns, is anything but safe beyond the gas-lights,) when we felt a sudden jolt, and the train came to a stand-still, the engine having, as it seems, got off the rails in precisely the same place as in the morning. Two or three of the passengers undertook to walk along the line to Memphis, and I thought that I would try to follow them. Swinging round in their arms sticks which they had lighted at the engine fire to serve for torches, they set off at a pace which made it no easy matter to follow them. I had not got very far, feeling along the line in the darkness, before the earth-work under my feet suddenly came to an end, and I fell in between two sleepers, slightly bruised, and very much confounded. “Well,” thought I, “if this is the beginning, the end will be my breaking my neck, so I'll e'en go back and sit quietly in the carriage till the morning.” Very thankful, indeed, was I to have done so, when, starting at daylight next 261 morning, I came to the place where I had fallen in. It was a bridge over a river, narrow, but apparently deep; and this bridge consisted of nothing but sleepers supported on tressels; there was no protection at the sides, and the sleepers were in some places so far apart that it seemed somewhat perilous to step them even in daylight. I had fallen in at the place where the bank sloped down to the water, and if I had succeeded in getting only a few yards further, I should, without doubt, have fallen through into the river, and encumbered as I was with a heavy coat and my baggage slung over my shoulder, I should as certainly have remained there.

I arrived at Memphis in time for breakfast, having had nothing to eat since breakfast on the preceding day, and at two o'clock in the afternoon started for Nashville on the other line. We travelled all night, and about nine on the following morning reached the junction at Decatur, missing the connection for Nashville by about half an hour in the most stupid

and helpless manner that can be imagined. There was no other train for twenty-four hours, and so, rather than remain a day in that desolate place, I concluded, though I had paid my fare to Nashville, to go on with the train which was about starting for Chattanooga. Though our train had left at two o'clock in the afternoon, yet it had not stopped at any place for refreshment, and now, owing to its not having kept its time, 262 we were obliged to leave with the breakfast bell ringing in our ears. So I appeased my hunger as well as I could upon whiskey and apples, the only things that offered as the train was preparing to start, and this was all I got to eat for a second twenty-four hours. It was certainly what the Americans would call “hard travelling”—they do not make use of the word “rough,” because roughness may be expected as a natural condition in a new country.

Here I fell in with a number of a paper conducted by coloured men at Nashville, called “The Coloured Tennesseean.” It was well got up, and written with an ability at least equal to the average, while in its use of the English language there was a restraint that compared favourably with many of the Southern papers in particular. One of its articles somewhat amused me—it was a dissertation upon the name by which the coloured people in America should be called—the various terms in use being passed under review and dismissed—that of “Persons of African descent” especially exciting its indignation—and the term finally fixed upon as the most appropriate, and the most agreeable, being that of “Coloured Americans.” This paper is one out of ten in the United States conducted exclusively by coloured men. A nut that to crack for the Anti-Negro Club!

A touching feature of the new state of things is the frequent advertising one meets with in some 263 of the Southern papers from parents enquiring after children that have been sold away from them, and children after parents. I subjoin two advertisements clipped together at random from a paper of Tennessee, and commend them to the perusal of any English admirers of the “Institution.”

INFORMATION WANTED

OF my two children, Frank and Josephine. They both belonged to Robert Driggins, of Selbyville, Tenn., who sold Frank to William Brown, and Josephine to Robert Blackwell, of that place. My own name is Esther Lomax, and I live in Montgomery, Ala. Any one knowing of the whereabouts of these children, will greatly oblige me by informing me by letter directed to Montgomery, Ala.

ESTHER LOMAX.

INFORMATION WANTED.

ALVY ELLIS wishes to know or hear from her mother, JUDY, who was free, and lived with Mr. Spears, on Sulphur Creek, about nine years ago. I would like to hear from any of my relations that are living, and know who of them are dead. My name is Alvy Ellis, that once belonged to Christopher Ellis, on Sulphur Creek.

Apply to R. T. KENT, Augusta, Ga.

Though the carelessness of Americans in regard to small expenses has been frequently commented upon, yet I own that after all I had heard of the impoverished state of the South, I was rather surprised, when a man got upon the cars with a basket of oranges, which he offered for sale at a quarter of a dollar each, and when I myself, never having been accustomed to indulge in oranges at ninepence a-piece, refrained from the tempting 264 luxury, to see people whose appearance by no means indicated abundance, come forward and fill their pockets without the smallest hesitation. The want of small change certainly tends to increase the petty expenses; in the case of apples, for instance, which people are constantly munching in the cars and elsewhere—however plentiful they may be, you can never buy one for less than five cents, which happens to be the smallest piece of paper money.

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“Now, we're coming to the most dangerous place on the line,” said a fellow-passenger with whom I had been conversing, as the train slackened its speed not very far from Chattanooga.

“What is it,” said I—“a bridge?” “No—it's a viaduct, a hundred feet high, supported on tressels, and mighty slender they are. I reckon you would'nt allow such a thing in England.”

“No— *Sir!* ” said I.

As the train crept cautiously on to the abyss, I put my head out of the window and saw a sight to make my flesh creep. The roadway was only the width of the carriage, and there was no protection at the sides, so that from either window you looked sheer down over the yawning gulf beneath. And as the gathering shades of evening partially veiled the valley below in darkness, it seemed as if the train was hanging between heaven and earth. But what appeared to me so frightful is a common thing in America, and you may often see a locomotive 265 creeping along at a dizzy height over a frail looking scaffold, like a steam-engine on the tight rope. What my fellow-passengers viewed with alarm was the supposed imperfect state of the supports, which indeed they spoke of as a matter of notoriety.

“I watched it the other day when the train was going over it,” I heard another man say, “and I saw the timbers bend and tremble. They were slight enough at the first, and now I reckon they're pretty well decayed.”

“Aye,” said his companion, “there will be a big smash here some day.”

Thank God it was not our day!

At one place on the line a man got in to make a collection for the Confederate wounded. When the train stopped at a station he made his address, and then when it started again, went through the car collecting, repeating the same process in all the other cars of the train. Though the beaten party have not the same means at their disposal for the relief

of their crippled veterans as their opponents, they are not less zealous in their efforts to assist them. All posts that are available are bestowed upon the wounded soldiers of the Confederacy, and the Legislative Assembly at New Orleans is a curious instance. There the Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate is without legs—the door-keeper of the House without arms—the Secretary of the Senate and the Clerk of the House both upon crutches. And yet 266 all these officials discharge their various duties—at least so it is said—in a highly satisfactory manner.

In the evening we arrived at Chattanooga, and though I had seen hard things reported in the papers about the hotels there, as that in one of them they charge you a dollar for the use of a towel, I had no reasonable cause to complain of the accommodation. The situation of Chattanooga, on a bend of the noble Tennessee River, with the bold, commanding front of Look-out Mountain on the one side, and the heights of Missionary Ridge on the other, is very fine and striking. I spent a day here in trying to get an accurate idea of the operations of the contending armies, but as I scarcely succeeded in making them perfectly clear to my own mind, I will not attempt to explain them to anybody else.

I left Chattanooga on the following evening, and early next morning arrived at Knoxville, where we had to wait for the train till the afternoon. We were now in Eastern Tennessee, where the Union feeling has always been very strong, and where the loyal men, especially in the early part of the war, suffered crually for their devotion to the Union. Hence, in both sections of the State, the bitterness of feeling seemed to me to be more intense than in the more purely Southern States.

As the passengers from our train entered the hotel, one of them encountered a friend, whom he had not met for some time. The two men 267 exchanged greetings—they were both from this part of Tennessee—and the new-comer proceeded to enquire after old friends and enemies.

“Where is so-and-so?” he asked, naming a guerilla leader who had bitterly oppressed the loyal men.

“In Hell!” fiercely replied the other—“for the sufferings that he inflicted upon us.”

“Dead, then! is he?” said the first, with a gleam in his eye.

“Dead—and in Hell!”

I could not help being greatly struck. It was from this part of the State Andrew Johnson came. Could these men have suffered more than he?

We left Knoxville in the afternoon, and in the course of the evening stopped at a neat little village, where we took up a family who seemed to be migrating to some other place. The breaking-up of an old home has always something touching in it, even to an utter stranger. There was the master, with an expression of unnatural sternness upon his face, looking after the household goods as they were put upon the train. There were the little children, in the arms of their negro nurses—all so very grave and silent. There was the mistress of the house, with big tears upon her cheeks, and her mouth working in the vain attempt to say farewell, standing in the midst of some decent-looking negro women, who seemed to be old servants. She was neither young nor pretty, 268 but how the grace of natural feeling gives beauty to the homeliest face! I should have liked to have known something more about them—where they were going—why they were leaving—whether they had suffered trouble—I felt almost sure they had. But it was no business of mine, and all I could do was to give up to them my warm seat beside the stove, and go and sit back in the outer cold.

We travelled all night and all day, and on the following evening arrived at Lynchburg in Virginia, where we had to stay over night. The stream of passengers poured into the little inn beside the station, which it seemed to fill to overflowing, and it was with a faint heart that I put up my usual petition—“A bed to myself—anywhere.” I had it—in a cellar under

ground, to which I descended by a flight of steps. But I grumbled not, for it was all that I had bargained for.

One more day on “The Great Southern Mail Route,” and I found myself at Washington—in a bed-room, with a carpet on, with a chest of drawers, and a looking-glass—with two towels, all for me—and sheets which, in their unwonted whiteness, really seemed to me to have almost an unnatural look about them.

**CHAPTER XXVI. ANDREW JOHNSON.**

A year had passed away, and I stood once more in the familiar ante-room at the White House, with its crowd of anxious waiters, and its notice—so incongruous-seeming to us—“Positively no smoking allowed,” conspicuous on the wall. Tired with the long waiting, I took possession of a vacant chair belonging to one of the officials on the landing, and thus becoming a mark for some of the poor anxious women waiting about in the hope of getting small posts, was besieged with questions about the chances of vacancies among the messengers, and such like, till I was obliged to give it up.

After waiting for several hours, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing the door of his room thrown open, and the crowd of idlers and petitioners poured into the presence of Andrew Johnson.

How different was the scene to that of the well-remembered audience of the preceding year, when we all sat round in a sort of social circle, while Lincoln held his levée—listening to all that was said, and laughing at his jokes—he himself rather seeming to enjoy it all the while—till the whole thing seemed to be more of a friendly and 270 familiar gathering than of a formal audience. Grave, dignified, and silent, with something of an expression of care and weariness upon his face, Johnson stood up beside his desk while, one by one, the petitioners came and whispered in his ear their various requests, to which he seemed, though in a kind manner, to give very decided answers. But some of the poor women were hard to shake off, and one in particular I remember, young and pretty, who reminded me,

with her graceful form bent eagerly forward as she clung in whispers to his unwilling ear, of a greyhound holding on to its quarry. In a very short time, however, he had disposed of all his suitors, shaken hands with all his admirers, and brought his audience to a close.

Of the millions who recorded their votes for Andrew Johnson, it is probable that there were not a hundred who gave a thought to the possibility of his succeeding to the Presidency. His nomination as Vice-President was considered to be a just tribute to the fortitude and to the sufferings of the loyal men of the South, of whom he was a conspicuous representative. He had been in the thick of the fight—he had upheld the Union at the peril of his life. And the Vice-Presidency, an office which involved no great responsibility, was held to be a fitting reward. But when, by the foul murder of Lincoln, he succeeded to the first office of the State, moderate men began to tremble. The man who had suffered so much insult and brutal 271 outrage—whose innocent daughter—and the last thing that a man forgets is wrong to the women of his house—had been murdered at his door—saw his enemies prostrate at his feet. Though sharing to some extent with those who have supported the Republican party in their distrust of the policy which has been indicated by the President, I should be slow to believe that the man who, under such circumstances, has been blamed only for what may be thought an excess of lenity, can be actuated by other than high and noble motives.

But it must be confessed that the respect which—apart from the question of his policy—would be accorded to his magnanimity and self-restraint, has been greatly lowered by the wild and intemperate character of certain of his public addresses.

If Andrew Johnson would never open his mouth in public, he might be taken to be a great man. But it seems as if he had two natures. The past lives in him, and he subdues it. Only, when he comes forward to harangue the multitude he seems to lose himself in a frenzy of excitement—all the past rushes back upon him—no longer is he the calm, self-restrained Ruler of a great people, but the partisan fighting for his life amid furious, enemies in Tennessee.

In no other way can I explain the crazy intemperance with which, in one of his public addresses, he seemed to charge his opponents of the Radical party with a design to take his life. Whatever 272 may be the faults of that party—whether they be extreme in some of their opinions, and occasionally violent in their expression of them—if unselfish devotedness be a noble thing, they are a noble party. Take a man like Charles Sumner, their leader, a man of accomplished scholarship, of rare powers of mind—a man who in any sphere would have made himself distinguished, but who has given his whole life to the one single-minded aim of raising a degraded people—to a cause which he had small hope of living to see successful—to a race who could never have anything to give him back but gratitude—and judge whether anything but a passing craze could have associated the party which he represents with the dagger of the assassin.

**CHAPTER XXVII. ENGLAND AND AMERICA.**

The general sympathy of the upper and middle classes of England for the Southern Confederacy during the late struggle must be—as it seems to me from my point of view—a curious problem to succeeding generations of Englishmen. Long foreseen and foretold—actively stimulated by English opinion in the interest of freedom—long warded off by compromises which it was easy for Englishmen to blame—the irrepressible conflict came at last—and England was found on the side of the slave-holder!

For this sympathy of England with the Confederacy there were in reality many motives, though to Americans in general there is apparent but one, and that the meanest—a jealousy of the growing power and prestige of the United States. That this was one of the motives I am not prepared to deny—I can only urge that it was not one of the most powerful. Another motive—generous in itself, but when divorced from other considerations, unreasonable—was the feeling which generally prompts Englishmen to take the weaker side—the same, in fact, as that which—though in that case, U 274 with certainly more excuse—led most Americans to take the part of Russia during the Crimean war. But no doubt the main cause was a very general feeling that the attempt to coerce seceding

States was—if not even opposed to the letter of the American Constitution, at any rate inconsistent with its spirit. Then, moreover, the high-handed act of Captain Wilkes in seizing the Southern envoys, was to blame for creating a feeling of bitterness which subsequent disavowal and reparation did not fully allay.

Nevertheless, in spite of all these adverse influences arrayed in favour of the South,—if it had been made distinctly apparent to the English mind that the contest was really one between freedom and slavery—I hesitate not to say that it would have been impossible for Englishmen in general to have sympathised with the Confederacy.

That it should have been found possible to blind the English mind to a fact which was emphatically proclaimed by all the organs of the seceding states, and indeed distinctly stated in the Secession Ordinances of several of them, is in reality the surprising feature of the case. It is impossible to state the issue in more straight-forward or explicit terms than those used by the Southern press—take, for instance, the statement of the “Charleston Mercury,” a leading organ of the State which broke up the Union, that “South Carolina entered the struggle solely to maintain 275 slavery. Southern independence and slavery must stand or fall together.”

Yet not only did the English mind fail to perceive that the rebellion was undertaken to maintain slavery, but an idea even prevailed that by some means or other, the success of the Confederacy would have the effect of putting an end to it—an idea encouraged by the ablest of their advocates, Mr. Spence, in his letters to the “Times,” and for which he was sharply rebuked by the “Richmond Enquirer,” which distinctly informed him that the Southern people repudiated him.

I hold then, that the sympathy of England for the Confederacy, was owing in the main to want of knowledge on the subject, and as an illustration of the effect produced by a candid investigation, refer to the curious fact mentioned in the papers of the time, that out of eight essays sent in at Oxford for the Chancellor's prize for the best Latin Essay on

the American struggle, all but one were in favour of the North, and that while several had entered upon the subject thorough partisans of the South, they had become completely converted by the facts and considerations which came before them in the course of their inquiries.

Nothing, as it seems to me, can be more absurd than the argument, and yet which was one often advanced by men of intelligence, that the same principle which justified the States in revolting 276 against George the Third, justified the Secession of the Southern States. Every rebellion must be judged upon its own merits, and justified or condemned by the causes which led to it, and the objects sought to be gained by it. All peoples have a natural right to revolt, as a last resource against oppression, and all nations have a right to maintain their integrity by putting down rebellion. The balance is to be struck between these two rights according to the circumstances of the case. If the New England States had, as a last resort, seceded rather than submit to the Fugitive Slave Law, though they would have had no more constitutional right to do so than the Southern States had in their late rebellion, yet one can scarcely doubt that the opinon of the world would have held them justified. Not because they would have been “fighting for their independence,” but because they would have had a good cause.

Unless we refuse to the Americans the right of being a nation, we cannot refuse to them the common right of nations to maintain their national existence. And surely the very terms in which the rebellion was referred to at its outset by the enemies of the Republic, who described it as “the collapse of democracy,” and “the bursting of the American bubble”—their very prophecies that the secession of the South would be the prelude to that of other sections of the Republic—were a sufficient justification to the North in resisting it 277 to the bitter end. And seldom has there been anything more curious than to find those who thus proclaimed secession to be the ruin of the United States as a nation, declaiming at the same time most furiously against the “wickedness” of their fighting against it.

Then, again, the duty of protecting the loyal minority—a consideration which must always powerfully influence any State placed under similar circumstances—weighed strongly with the North for the prosecution of the war. The extent of that minority was unascertained, and probably at the outset was greatly over-estimated. But it has since been abundantly manifested that while the number of those who, without any disposition to make sacrifices for the Union, were yet forced very unwillingly into secession, was very large, the number of those who suffered or died for their active loyalty was by no means inconsiderable. The recommendation of the “Richmond Examiner,” so late as January of last year, to hang any man who made a move towards submission or re-construction, is an instance of the system of terrorism by which loyal or doubtful men were overawed.

In any case it seems to me that even if such a thing as a peaceful separation between North and South could have been arranged, it would but have staved off the conflict for a while. Two such extreme developments of society could not exist together: there was no geographical boundary to 278 be drawn between them, any more than there is a line to be drawn between fire and water,—on the one side the highest development of free institutions, on the other the most extreme form of servitude that the world had ever seen. For, though slavery had existed in many states of society, it had never before been exalted into a religion.

It is necessary, in order to form an idea of the forces that were at work, to consider the tone and attitude of the Southern mind on this subject at the time. The old state of things, when slavery was admitted to be an evil, and its extinction considered a desirable object if it could only be attained, had long since passed away. From its very nature it could not continue—men cannot live in admitted wrong—they must conquer it, or it will conquer them. It conquered them completely—religion signally failing to make any head against it, and being at last bound to its chariot wheels, till a convention of the Southern bishops denounced abolitionism as an “infidel pestilence.” From being apologetic it had become defiant—from being mistrustful it had become fiercely fanatic. I give a few illustrations of

the spirit by which it. was animated. “The establishment of the Confederacy,” says the “Richmond Examiner,” “is verily a distinct reaction against the mistaken civilization of the age. Reverently we feel that our Confederacy is a God-sent missionary to the nations, with great truths to teach!” “I am 279 a pro-slavery man,” says the Hon. A. G. Brown—“I believe that slavery is of divine origin; that God designed it from the foundation of the world. I want Cuba for the extension of slavery.” “Negro. slavery is in its infancy,” says Vice-President Stevens—“We ought to increase and expand our institutions. Central America, Mexico, are all open to us.”

Of course the re-opening of the slave-trade would only be a logical sequel to doctrines like the above, and it was advocated accordingly by some leading men of the Confederacy. “The South,” said Mr. Yancey, “demanded as free a trade in negroes from Africa, as the North enjoyed in mules from Malta.” And though, in deference to the opinion of Europe, that traffic was forbidden by a clause in the Confederate constitution, there was nothing to prevent an amendment being at any time carried to legalize it.

If we consider, then, the aggressive character which the Slave Power had now assumed, and take into account, moreover, the utter contempt in which at that time the South held the fighting qualities of the North, we can scarcely suppose that it would have been possible for it to remain long quiescent in the presence of a form of civilization which it at once hated and despised, and with which there would not be wanting continual causes of dispute to bring it into collision. For the case would not be that of 280 two neighbouring States, whose normal relations, though quarrels might be liable to arise between them, would be that of peace, but it would be that of two opposing systems, naturally and perpetually at enmity with each other.

I hold, then, that while the original cause of dispute—the election of Lincoln on the principle of limiting the area of slavery to its existing bounds—was one upon which the sympathies of almost all Englishmen were in favour of the North, the subsequent course of the Northern States in resisting disruption by force of arms was not one by which those

sympathies ought rightfully to have been alienated from them. That the sympathy of England for the Slave Power was an evil phase, which could not but have, and which has in fact had, to some extent a demoralizing effect, to be traced in various ways, upon the public mind.

That the next phase will be a strong recoil of feeling in favour of, and a desire for more cordial relations with, our kinsmen of the United States, is already too strongly indicated to be called a prophecy. The Americans may perhaps misinterpret it at first, and think that it is owing to their having shewn their strength. But it will be owing rather to their having shewn their courage and devotedness in time of danger: their magnanimity and forbearance in time of success.

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